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HIGH TIMES

No. 86 October '82

FEATURES

Interview: Allen Ginsberg by Larry Sloman and George Barkin

Once he saw the best minds of his generation destroyed by madness. Now at age 56 the bard of the avant-garde and the buddy of Kerouac, Cassady and Burroughs is gigging with the Clash and about to release his first punk-rock album. That's right, folks—the man who howled through the '50s and mantraed through the '60s is now pogoing in the '80s. Pump it up, Allen. . . .

Expanded Grow American Feature: Greenhouses by Warren Dearden

"A greenhouse is a structure incorporating no glass or transparent materials whatsoever, fashioned of opaque or translucent materials so as to conceal its contents from exterior scrutiny and to protect those contents against unauthorized access." Sounds pretty good, huh? Wanna learn how to build one? (As if we had to ask.) . . .

Butt Rockin' on the Back of the Bus with the Fabulous Thunderbirds by Michael Reynolds

Spreading the word with three classic rock 'n' roll albums and over seven years of dancing-room-only performances, the Fabulous Thunderbirds have seen their initially cultlike following swell into something just this side of mass appeal. Out of Austin, Texas, and into some of the baddest good-time music you've ever heard, ladies and gentlemen: The Fabulous Thunderbirds!

Memoirs of an Old Weedhead by F.J. Wallace

Chitown during the '30s: Pablo's stickin' from his socks—three bucks for a smoker's dozen—down on the corner of Canal and Madison, and Mr. White's cruisin' the South Side in his yellow cab offering 100 mezzrolls for an Andrew Jackson. Then, after you meet your man it's over to Little Johnny Lindsay's for a night of pre-Marijuana Tax Act fun . . .

Centerfold: The High Times Top 40

In Search of the Waaa by Bob LaBrasca

Part II of contributing editor Bob LaBrasca's inquiry into dope lawyers and their world is a reliable handbook for finding solid legal representation. If there's any chance you could be among the half million Americans who'll be busted on drug charges in the coming year, clip these pages and keep them in your shoe . . .

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

U.S. Drug Policy in Turmoil...Feds Try to Bury Own Decrim Study...FBI and DEA Make Uncomfortable Bedmates...Supreme Court Expands Car Searches...Key West Secedes over Checkpoint...Davis Denied Pardon...Paraphernalia Laws Clash . . .

Trans-High Market Quotations

DEPARTMENTS

Flashes . . . Jim Carroll; HT on Fifth Ave; much more
Connoisseur . . . "R." turns his nose down on coke
Abuse Folio . . . Marijuana
Cocaine Confidential . . . Gram dealer talks
Seeds 'n' Stems . . . Castro's blueprint for devastation
High Times Classified . . .
Books . . . Latimer on the latest last word on cannabis
High Interiors . . . The White House lit (with electricity, that is)

32 Cover photo by Mick Rock

38

43 **52** O Amsterdam
by William Levy
American expatriate and new-age raconteur Bill Levy takes you on his personalized tour through the drug capital of the world. "If it's red Lebanese at six guilders a gram, this must be Amsterdam," quips our author. Ha-ha, now which way did you say was the multimedia hash club with the go-go girls in the basement?

64

19

29

92 Sounds: The No Nukes Woodstock

by John Swenson
This summer 800,000 citizens came together in New York's Central Park to demonstrate against the proliferation of nuclear weapons. In addition to the speakers, politicians and vendors selling "no-nuke" hot dogs, there was music—from street musicians beating out homemade rhythms, to Bruce Springsteen and Jackson Browne.

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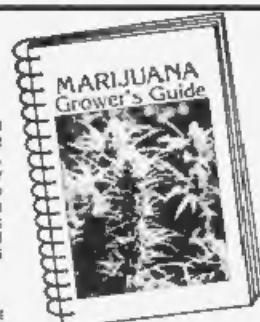


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Marijuana

The Art and Science of Cooking with Cannabis

by Adam Gottlieb

More than just another collection of marijuana recipes, this book teaches the reader the nature of cannabis, how it combines with other foods and how it is best assimilated by the digestive tract. A must for anyone serious about cooking with grass. #014 \$3.50

The Stash Book

by Peter Hjersman

The definitive guide on building hiding places and spaces in houses, cars, motorcycles, even on one's body. Protect your valuables—whatever they may be. #005 \$4.95

Marijuana Growing

NEW Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana

by Bill Drake

The most up-to-date information for the outdoor and indoor marijuana cultivator, with over 100 photographs, drawings, charts, maps and a special section on psychoactive tobacco. #025 \$8.95

NEW Caretaking the Wild Sinsemilla

by A. Seed

A sensible guide to growing sinsemilla, the legendary seedless herb. #026 \$4.50

NEW How to Build a Bigger and Better Hydroponic Garden

by Ed Sherman

How to make a super-garden that will grow anything, anywhere, from scrap materials. #027 \$3.95

NEW The Primo Plant

by Mountain Girl

Complete instructions for growing fine, organic sinsemilla marijuana, the seedless variety prized by connoisseurs for its exquisite high. #023 \$4.50

NEW The Sinsemilla Technique

by Kayo

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Hashish

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by David Hoyle

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by Laurence Cherniak

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TIMES Bookstore

Miscellaneous

NEW The Natural Mind

by Andrew Weil

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by E.F. Steinmetz

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by Robert Anton Wilson

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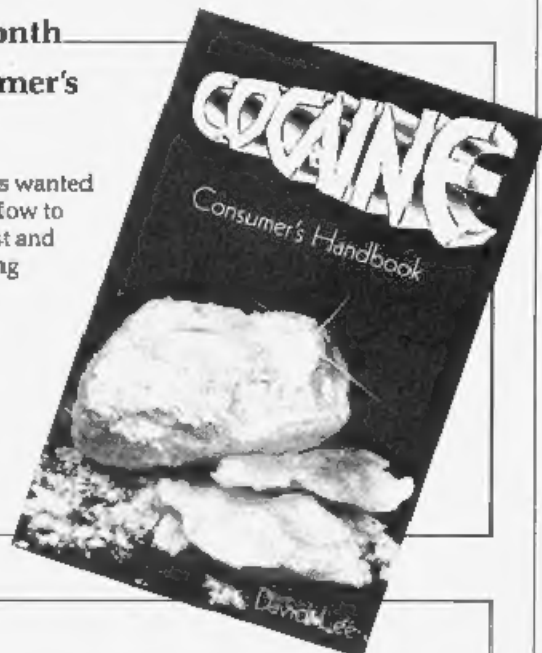
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Book of the Month

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by David Lee

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Cartoon

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by Bill Griffith

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HIGH TIMES

High Times on Fifth Ave!

HIGH TIMES took to the streets this summer to participate in the 15th Annual Smoke-In and Parade up Fifth Avenue. The crowds gathered at Washington Square Park in Greenwich Village, and then moved up Fifth Avenue to Rockefeller Plaza where they rallied in support of Roger Davis. Davis, you may recall, was sentenced by a Virginia court to 40 years in jail for possession of nine ounces of marijuana. After being ruled as unconstitutional in the

federal courts, the sentence was upheld in the Supreme Court by a margin of 6 to 3. (Recently, Virginia governor Charles S. Robb, in a burst of Christian generosity, reduced Davis's sentence to 20 years. See this month's "Highwitness News" for details.)

Anyway, pictured below is HIGH TIMES' contribution to the festivities: a colorful 24-foot-long float that depicts the whole sordid story.



Beverly Cusimano

FLASHES

JIM CARROLL: POETRY IN MOTION

by Glenn O'Brien

Jim Carroll is an incomparable guy: If you wanted to compare him, it would have to be with a crowd. Like Rimbaud, he was a poetry sensation as a teenager, then quit it. Like Pat Ewing, he was all-American as a freshman (although with Jim it was in high school). Like William Burroughs, he turned the junkie experience into a literary classic. And, like Patti Smith, he went from poetry stardom to rock stardom in a flash.

Jim Carroll's first fame was as one of the greatest high-school basketball players of his time. He might have been an NBA star if he hadn't discovered poetry and heroin. In his early teens he had decided to become a writer, and he kept diaries of his incredible life on and off the court. At about the same time, he became addicted to heroin. His first book of poetry was published when he was only 16. The Basketball Diaries were published after Jim had become a recognized poet. At an age when most boys are just beginning to think about college, he had already lived a lifetime.

*Jim pulled a partial Rimbaud. The great French poet went to Ethiopia and never wrote another line. Jim didn't go that far—just to California. He became a recluse and stopped writing. But after a while he came out of it. He had taught Patti Smith a lot about writing; she returned the favor by teaching Jim about rock. One night he jammed with her band and a rocker was born. Jim got his own band together and reemerged as a rocker and a poet. He signed with Rolling Stones Records and made an album, *Catholic Boy*, that pleased rock and poetry critics alike. He has just put out a second LP, *Dry Dreams*, and he's also been getting back into poetry. He should have a new book out as soon as he can take a bit of a break from rock 'n' roll barnstorming.*

HIGH TIMES: Was *The Basketball Diaries* the first thing you ever wrote?

CARROLL: Right. Except for my grammar-school paper. That was the only good thing about Catholic school—I had this brother who taught me. He made me clip out Arthur Daley and Red Smith's columns from the *New York Times* sports page and underline the metaphors and similes and stuff like that. When that school year was over I still wanted to write. I wanted to write a novel. I had the



Bob Gruen/Star File

capacity to deal with characters and metaphor, but I couldn't sustain a plot. I figured the only form I could use would be a diary—just let it evolve itself.

HIGH TIMES: Were you writing the diaries with publication in mind?

CARROLL: It was with an audience in mind—it wasn't like a diary that I was keeping for myself. Then I started to get interested in poetry after I got a scholarship to this private school and got over the neighborhood idea I had of poetry being wimpy and sissyish.

The inspiration for writing was really getting to like the relief that I got in that kind of landscape inside of my head. They always tested me for epilepsy when I was a kid because I'd go off on these long dazes, just staring out in space. Like if I was waiting for a basketball game to end because I had the next game in the playground, they'd be snapping their fingers to get my attention because I'd just be drifting off.

HIGH TIMES: How did you get into the St. Mark's poetry scene in New York City?

CARROLL: I went there to go to the readings, on Wednesdays when the biggies read. I hung out at St. Mark's for a whole summer and into my next school year, but I was too shy to approach any of the people whose works I liked: Ted Berrigan, John Ashberry and people like that. I did know Ginsberg because I'd hang out with

him at antiwar marches and stuff, and he had kind of a crush on me, so I would get him to read poems I had written and talk to me about poetry. I'd go to the open readings but I was too shy to get up and read. Then this guy from City College published a book of my poems and it gave me a chance to introduce myself and give it to people, and before long I was taken up as a young poet on the scene. I was publishing my poems in the *World*, the *Paris Review* and *Poetry*. I was reading on Wednesday nights. God, I was incredibly nervous at those readings. Much more so than when I started to do rock. I hated it, it was really frightening, but I didn't want to miss my chance.

HIGH TIMES: Did the kids you were going to school with know you were going to poetry readings? Or were you leading a double life?

CARROLL: The kids in school did. This was a private school and the kids were hip, going to see the Fugs on the weekend. They'd come to readings. But the kids in the neighborhood—forget it, man! It was a big secret there. I would read them some of the diaries once in a while, but it wasn't too interesting to them. Most of the guys I grew up with became fucking thieves or cops.

HIGH TIMES: You were a basketball star as a high-school freshman.

CARROLL: I was high-school all-American. My sophomore year was my best. By that time I could dunk a ball backwards. In my senior year I was still good, but I was on the decline. My interest had shifted to poetry then and I was starting to do drugs more and more. I was still good for that league, but they took away all the scholarships I had gotten. Scouts who were really big on me years before would take me out to dinner and I'd be nodding out in the lasagna. I just got interested in poetry and it wasn't there anymore. Most people think it was drugs, but it wasn't; it was that I just cared about writing.

HIGH TIMES: Were you into music in high school?

CARROLL: Yeah. I got into the Fugs, the Velvet Underground, Roy Orbison; but I didn't really get knocked out until I heard Phil Ochs and Dylan. But after I left New York, I never listened to music, not even the radio. I'd get a tape of Patti Smith because we were old friends and I wanted to hear what she was doing, but otherwise I wasn't listening to music at all.

continued on page 15

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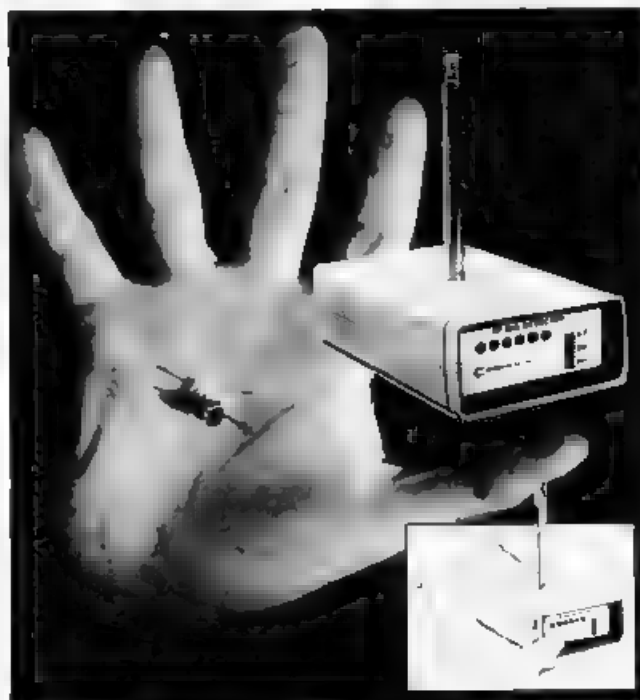
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ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

Spider Webb Presents Your Slum G-ddess of the Month II

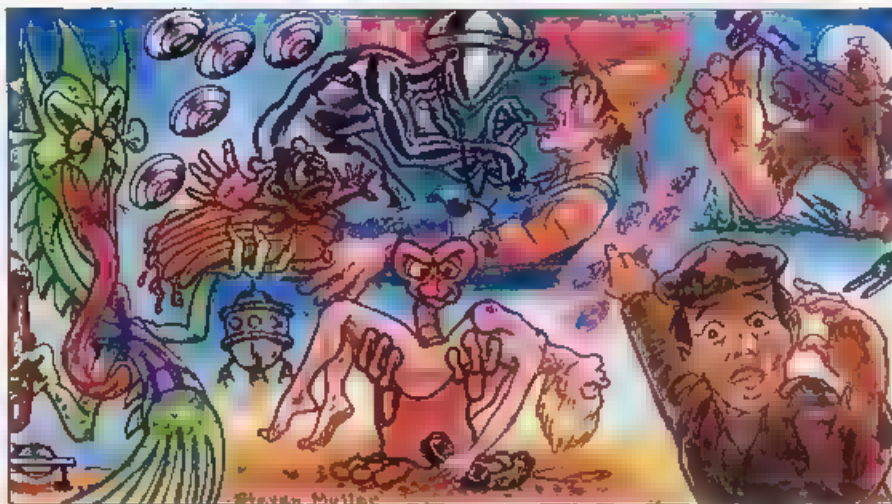
This month's Slum G-ddess is actress, artist's model and tightrope walker Miss Helen Mellon. Miss Mellon was discovered during a performance of the *Nutcracker Suite* at New York's Lincoln Center when she leaped 30 feet in the air, did a triple somersault and landed safely in Rudolf Nureyev's arms. Photographed exclusively for HIGH TIMES magazine by Chaz "The Eye" Gatewood, Miss Mellon is shown here at the knee of her spiritual adviser and groom, Mr. Spider Webb.

(Spider Webb's next Slum G-ddess of the month could be you. To arrange an audition, just send a postcard with your name, address and preferred feeding time to: Spider Webb, c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 W 60th St., New York, NY 10023.)



Charles Gatewood

LOST IN SPACE



Steven Muller

Whatever—or whoever—they are, they're back. In Pygmy country, Africa, the natives are restless once again, reporting the appearances of long-necked saurians who sound like dinosaurs and occasionally nibble at their small brown bodies as if they were some kind of intergalactic hors d'oeuvres (Pygmies in a blanket, perhaps). Meanwhile, weird aerial lights are buzzing garbage dumps from France to the Australian outback while hairy monsters bearing a sus-

picious resemblance to North America's famed Bigfoot are stomping around the frozen fields of Sweden.

During the 1960s, the mysterious UFOs tended to stage their visits during the months of March, April and June. In 1982, the old patterns were resumed. March produced a flurry of low-level sightings and close encounters of the *ecchhhh* kind from West Virginia to Utah.

In recent years, the heaviest UFO activity has been recorded in the So-

viet Union and China, although Argentina had a major UFO wave about a year ago. Now they seem to be resuming their nightly patrols in the United States, but the news media still ignore most sightings and the U.S. Air Force has been out of the saucer-chasing business since 1969.

UFO abductions, once a taboo subject, even among hard-core UFO believers, have become commonplace. A farmer in West Virginia claimed that a spaceman in a seamless, faceless silver suit took him aboard a disk-shaped object and gave him a medical examination. A young lady from Oklahoma insists that she was subjected to sexual abuse aboard a saucer in March, after being plucked from her car by a group of ordinary-looking men in pale blue coveralls. There are now thousands of such stories from all over the world.

A full-scale invasion could be taking place right now, but you won't know it until you wake up in the middle of the night and find some horny character in a silver suit standing over your bed. If he only demands, "Take me to your leader!" consider yourself lucky.

—John A. Keel

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SUPER-EAR is undetectable from the other side of the wall. The quality of sound has amazing fidelity—good enough to record, and SUPER-EAR has its own built-in recorder jack.

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HIGH TIMES



Special Strain

Editor:

Here's a picture of this year's crop; in all, there are seven plants, all but the one on the far right are grown from our "special strain." At 16 weeks we harvest and obtain 14 to 16 ounces *per plant*! The buds when dried taste like hash and can literally choke the shit out of you.

—B&K Growers
Address withheld

Sounds like you boys have cooked up some weird sort of enema grass. Now why don't you cross it with some Kaopectate and get back to us in about 16 weeks.—Ed

Visions of Andy

Editor:

Let me begin by thanking your circulation department for replacing my Dec. '81 and Jan. '82 issues. Though I've yet to receive them, I have no doubt they were mailed to me. It's only that I've had trouble with the administration at this fucking prison about receiving HIGH TIMES from issue one, and I'm almost certain they were intentionally lost. I'm serving a ten-year stretch for growing a few plants (800), and without my HIGH TIMES the days barely crawl by. One other thing: my only unfulfilled ambition is to meet your publisher, Andy Kowl. In the flesh. Perhaps when my time is served I will travel to New York and have that royal opportunity.

—An avid fan in jail

Young, Gifted and Ugandan

Editor:

With much pleasure we write to you from Uganda, East Africa, and send you happy greetings and best wishes for the future. We are very much interested in your excellent publication HIGH TIMES, and we write to request that you be so kind as to send us five assorted copies of the same as a

special donation to our Young People's club

—Frank Wamsee
Kasese, Uganda

So there is life after Idi Amin! The issues are on the way, Frank.—Ed

The Real Dope on Urinalysis

Ed tor

Please: When are you going to run a feature on these urinalysis tests that are popping up all over the country? It would make a lot of people like myself feel more secure if we had some reliable information from an objective source. I'm in the marines and we are subject to a great deal of pressure for wanting to get high. There have been so many stories about this test for so long—it's about time we've had some facts.

—Name and address withheld

You're right, and obviously not alone in your concern. In fact, a substantial portion of our mail during the past 10 to 12 months has been urinalysis-related queries. In November there will appear a major article in HIGH TIMES on the Emit Test, which we hope will answer everybody's questions.—Ed.

The Philosopher Phreak

Editor:

Is it possible to be a fan *and* a critic of Zippy (Zippy, the high priest of the non sequitur)?

One is sorely tempted to change the subject. Before I can discuss freaksploitation, I'm onto the subject of the real *Side Show: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia* by William Shawcross.

The oral history of 1969 shows "breakfast," "lunch," "dinner" and "dessert" being used as code words for a final solution. Old friends like Al Haig and Tom Enders designed the "menu"—and you think Zippy has oral fixations? Long before the epidemic of Pac-Man Fever, U.S. imperialism had a severe case of munchies.

"Life is a blur of Republicans and meat"? Maybe only slow-moving low riders notice cheese lines. Surplus cheese builds subgeniuses in surprising ways; but it wasn't always so.

Twenty-five years ago, Dagwood Bumstead threw away the cheese sandwich Blondie had prepared for him—Dagwood was afraid it would "make a mouse" of him. Today's low-paid office workers would fight over the sandwich found in Dagwood's garbage can.

I don't know about people who can afford to buy sinsemilla crude. Are they still living in the affluent society?

Will 1982 be another Summer of Love with all the Krazy Kats getting hit in the head with bricks made of process cheese? Is the "blur of Republicans" really the 19th-century Know-Nothing party born again? Are we still talking cornix? Yowza!

—Phillip Gore
Wooster, Ohio

HIGH TIMES is an acknowledged source of expert information on a wide variety of subjects. If you have any questions or comments pertaining to drugs, law, health, gardening, et cetera, we'd be pleased to hear from you. Send all letters to: HIGH TIMES Adviser, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. Our editors are standing by.

JIM CARROLL

continued from page 10

HIGH TIMES: You got the idea to do rock when Patti called you up on-stage at a concert?

CARROLL: Yeah. We were in this little movie together that had a scene where she played the piano and guitar while I read a piece. She asked me to come to a show in San Diego one night, so I went and there was some hassle with the opening act—one of the roadies for the other act had punched Patti's brother or something. The promoter said, "Okay, Jim can do it. We'll do what we did last night." I had two things memorized a song called "I Don't Live In My Body" and one called "Cruelty." She was playing her one-note guitar and she really took my nervousness away. She was such a pro onstage. She was rubbing up next to me, cooling me out. After the first minute or so I was really into it and it went over real



Kate Simon/S&P File

good. I didn't have any music; I was just rapping it. But I felt the difference between a poetry audience and a rock 'n' roll audience—the energy.

HIGH TIMES: Do you still plan to do readings?

CARROLL: Oh yeah. I used to be really nervous reading poems. Now, from the experience of performing in front of an audience, I'm a lot better at reading. It's a great base to have. At first I felt like I was moving away from that scene, but now I really like the anchor of still being a part of the poetry scene.

Correction

Due to a production error, credit for the photography in the August '82 Centerfold feature, "The White Man's Burden," was omitted. The credit should read: Photos © Ed Rottinger. We apologize to Mr. Rottinger for the omission.



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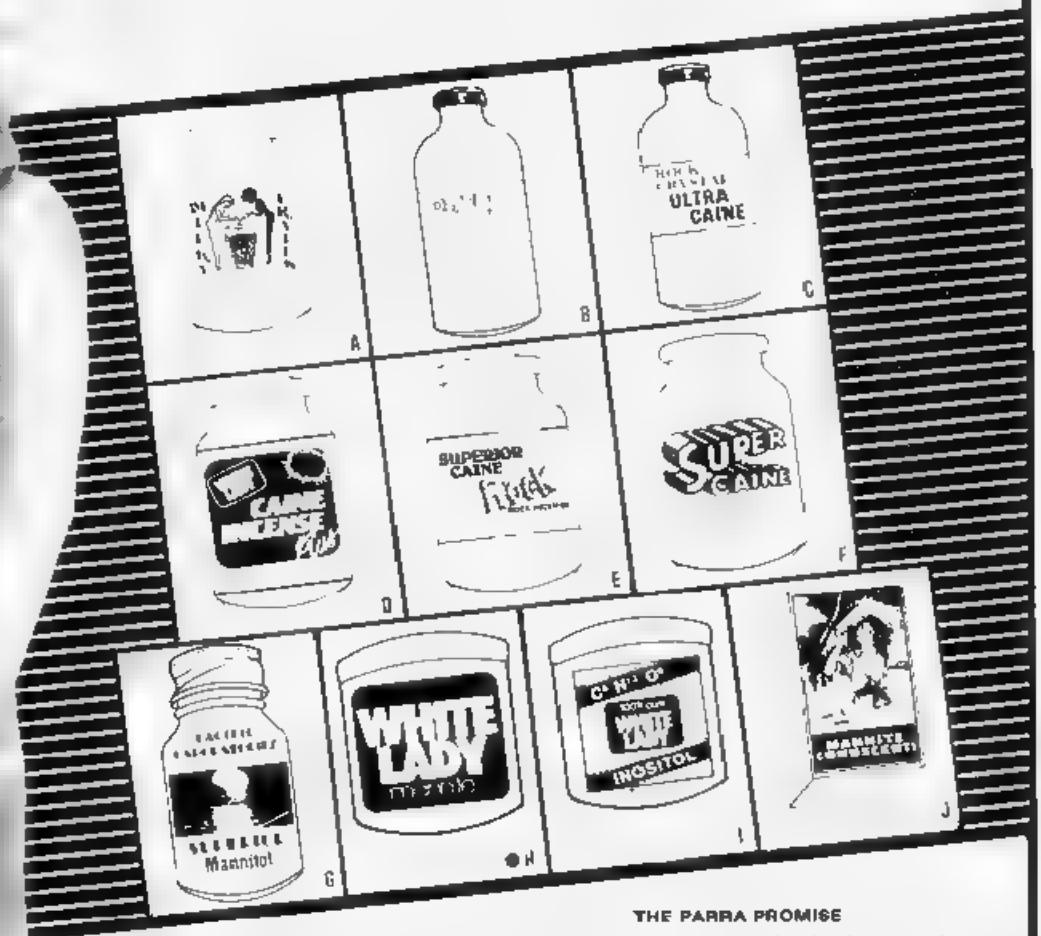
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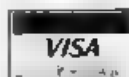
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THE FIRST (AND LAST) WORD ON COCAINE

by "R."

People are frequently asking the Connoisseur: "Hey, Mr Connoisseur, you're so knowledgeable about altered states of consciousness, your finely honed sensibility is such an exquisitely tuned instrument, why don't you write about an aristocratic substance like cocaine, why just stick to marijuana?"

Well, the editors have encouraged me to address this subject, and so—although I know I'll make even more enemies with my views on this than with my celebrated criticism of California sinsemilla—nonetheless, somebody has to say it.

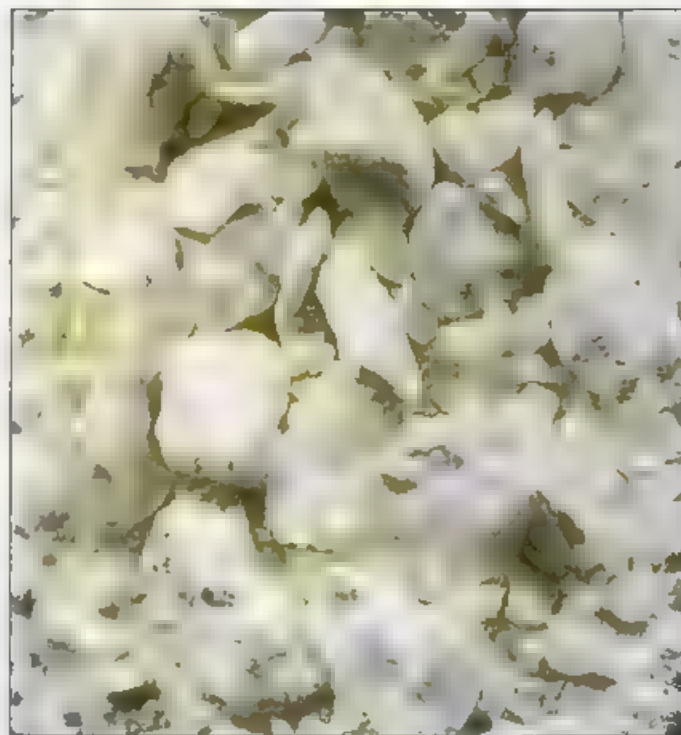
Cocaine has become the biggest garbage drug in America. It is neither aristocratic nor high class. It's a joke, a fraud, a hoax. In fact, for all practical purposes, *there is no cocaine in America*. Certainly not the kind that's sold to be snorted. (We'll get to the freebase question later.)

And millions of Americans who think they've had the cocaine experience are victims of fraud and delusion. They've never really had cocaine.

Let me explain. I'm not saying there never was cocaine in America. Ten years ago, even five years ago, someone buying in gram quantities might actually get some recognizable shadow of a cocaine glow. It would happen if they were lucky enough to come across some stuff that was cut with milk sugar, even mannite the Italian baby laxative once so popular. On the other hand, even back then most commercial coke was cut with amphetamine. And you had about as much chance of getting a genuine cocaine experience with speed-cut coke as you would, say, getting the full appreciation of a fine sherry that had been heavily spiked with poisonous wood alcohol.

In fact, an entire miserable generation poisoned itself with cheap speed up the nose, getting wired, getting crazy, getting damaged in dumb ways without getting a real coke glow.

I say coke glow rather than



Cocaine has become the biggest garbage drug in America. It is neither aristocratic nor high class; it's a fraud.

rush, because if you've ever had real cocaine, you know its effect is practically the *opposite* of the speedy, staticky rush that 99 percent of Americans confuse with coke. A real coke glow is a warm mild mellow, subtle whole-body emanation that engenders generosity, good feeling, benevolence, sensuousness—nothing like the chill spasms of cold electricity you get with speed. It's very rare, very special, but don't get your hopes up, because it's likely you'll go to your grave without ever experi-

encing the real thing.

The reasons: stupidity and greed. The stupidity of the drug laws encourages the greed of the coke merchants, and the greed of the coke merchants to make an immediate sale puts a premium on convincing the prospective buyer that a *strong initial rush* is what you want when you're tasting coke. To give it a strong initial rush they cut it with speed, caffeine or some kind of diet-drug garbage upper.

Wrong, all wrong. What resulted was all those dumb

dumb scenes in the '70s when Mr. Big Shot coke dealer would swagger in, lay down some lines of his powder, encourage buyers to snarfle some up, and sit back as they plugged his powdered upper cut into their poor noses.

Then all the pseudoknowledgeable buyers would wire up in their seats in the grip of a brain voltage shock and say "Wow, good stuff." And so the drug laws and the drug dealers conspired to create a deluded set of speed freaks who thought they were coke freaks.

"Come on," I can hear some of you saying, "there must have been *some* real coke around in the '70s. Some stuff not garbaged up with speed."

Well, occasionally there were travelers who would claim they were just back from the labs in Peru with some pearly pink flake or some blue diamond from Bolivia. But even then, there's coke and there's coke.

A lot of the processing labs down there found themselves forced to compete with the dumb, debased taste of U.S. speed freaks and so they'd turn out a product that was technically coke but that had been cooked up, to jump-start the heart with as much speedy power as the poor powder could muster. Because creating coke is all a question of laboratory expertise, of artistry as much as chemistry, and the stupid speed freaks of America fucked up centuries of Third World coke alchemy by insisting on a substance that would provide an instant jolt, a quick fix for the speed-cued sinuses of the hyped-up urban go-getters who depended on mock coke to fuel their senseless drive for status and material success.

How do I know this, you ask? Well, because several years ago—the statute of limitations has long expired—I happened to run into a world traveler who had contacts in one of the very last genuine old-fashioned, warm-and-mellow coke processing labs in South America. In fact, this lab had just gone out of business because they could no longer compete with the stupid speedy coke that became the rage of the age. Well, this world

continued on page 70

Andy Kowl, publisher, **HIGH TIMES**

VIDEO

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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Oct. '82
No. 86

U.S. DRUG POLICY IN TURMOIL

COVER-UP UNMASKED

FEDS TRY TO BURY THEIR OWN DECRIM STUDY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONCE AGAIN, THE REAGAN administration is attempting to censor anything positive concerning marijuana use—even if it emanates from the National Academy

of Sciences's own panel of experts. When the academy's Committee on Substance Abuse and Habitual Behavior issued its report this summer recommending lessening the penalties for marijuana use, academy president Dr.

Frank Press did everything short of an auto-da-fé to bury the report. Ultimately, the truth still came out. And it made Dr. Press's and others' involvement in the dirty business of politicizing scientific research the futile act of several fools.

The long-awaited committee report received exactly one line on the networks' after-dinner news broadcasts, to the great dismay of the academy. "They said," a press officer complained, "The National Academy of Sciences today recommended the decriminalization of marijuana."

The NAS did no such thing. It was their permanent Committee on Substance Abuse and Habitual Behavior who frankly recommended decriminalization in their 1982 report, *An Analysis of Marijuana Policy*. The committee's permanent membership comprises 18 of the nation's top academic figures in the realms of medicine and law, including Jerome Jaffee, who contributes the "addiction" chapter to *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* (Goodman and Gilman), the



Dr. Frank Press sold out the NAS committee under administration pressure.

basic medical text on drug science worldwide; Daniel X. Freedman, chairman of the University of Chicago's psychiatry department; John Kaplan, who runs the School of Law at Stanford; Denise Kandel of Columbia University's School of Public Health, and 14 other internationally recognized specialists in health and law. It was they who, after four years of studying the subject and bickering among themselves, unanimously recommended marijuana decriminalization as a national model, and hinted at things even more controversial.

The National Academy of
continued on page 20, col. 1

A FALLING-OUT AMONG COPS:

FBI AND DEA MAKE UNCOMFORTABLE BEDMATES

BY CHARLES WINSTON-LEVY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHILE A MASSIVE DOSE of law-enforcement resources is not a panacea for the country's drug problem," wisecracks the federal General Accounting Office, "virtually everybody agrees more resources are needed."

The problem, as the GAO diagnosed it in a recent report to Congress on federal narcotics-law enforcement, is that even when augmented resources are made available for drug busting, they go to waste under the kind of agency infighting that plagued FBI-DEA task forces. The GAO's 1982 report continued on p. 20, col. 3

DEA BOOBY-TRAPS JOINT FBI TASK FORCE



Ex-DEA chief Peter Bensinger proposed copping dirty money from dope busts so federal task forces could turn a profit.

continued from p. 19, col. 2

port to the House Subcommittee on Government Information and Individual Rights, reviewing early attempts to link the DEA and FBI into a cohesive narco unit, has a special interest. Over the period covered by the report, 1977 to 1979, the agencies were totally separate and autonomous. Their experience in "joint task forces" may predict how well or how poorly they must be collaborating now that the Reagan administration has forcibly wedded them together in the Justice Department.

Relations between the two outfits were "far from harmonious" at that point in time, the GAO was able to determine, despite adamant refusals from the two agencies for information. "Although in the past we have experienced a cooperative working relationship with the Department of Justice," the GAO complained, "we encountered serious problems in obtaining records during this interview."

Though specifically ordered by the House to launch this DEA-FBI efficiency assessment, the GAO had to inform Atty. Gen. William French Smith by formal letter that both outfits were stonewalling its requests for information—in violation of federal law. Even then, the FBI still refused to let the accountants look at any files pertaining to its narco work. The files were stored, they said, with active conspiracy-case files under the sacred Racketeering-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO), "which the FBI does not want GAO to see," grouched the report. The DEA was similarly unhelpful, so the GAO's accountants depended entirely on unverifiable claims from agents. By pitting the DEA version of events against the FBI version, however, they came up with a surprising picture of each agency hamstringing the other.

Jimmy Carter's attorney general, Griffin Bell, concurred the notion of harnessing the DEA and FBI together

NAS NIXES ITS OWN POT DECRIM PROPOSAL

continued from page 19, col. 4
Sciences, however, balked at publishing the committee's findings. The project had, after all, been formally commissioned in 1978, during then-president Carter's tenure. The 18 people who wrote it would not succumb to sustained pressure from the Reagan administration to alter their findings or to say things they believed to be untrue. NAS president Dr. Frank Press, however, prefaced the report with an anguished personal notice specifically informing "the media and the public" that he believed the committee "may have gone beyond its charge" in drawing conclusions from the data they had studied intensively for four years. Dr. Press, a political appointee, specializes in geological plate tectonics.

So much for the fireworks. Actually, the committee only concurred, sort of by the by,

with the memorable President's Commission Report of 1973—the one then-president Richard Nixon righteously nixed because it suggested that the removal of criminal penalties for personal pot possession might not be a bad idea. Despite the president's righteous repudiation—or probably *thanks* to it, that late in the fraud—the Schaeffer Commission's decrim proposal was eventually enacted in 11 states around the nation.

And today, 1982, in Oregon—first to adopt prohibition-of-supply in 1973—grass use among school-age people is currently decreasing relative to the rest of the country. The ratio of marijuana smokers of any age has not risen in any of these states, nor has their per capita weed intake, while millions of tax dollars have been saved in law-enforcement costs. Best of all, millions of individuals have been spared "criminalization"

because of their use of pot. A young person busted for just a few joints who then winds up with a lifelong narcotics record tends to take a cynical view of the law in general forever after, the committee observes. This cynicism is diagnosed as a major social problem in the 39 states that have not adopted decrim: "Alienation from the rule of law in democratic society may be the most serious cost of current marijuana laws."

A great deal of this brief report is fleshed out with established health hazards of marijuana, copped straight from the NAS 1982 *Marijuana and Health* report. While the Abuse Committee's initial draft of its policy analysis was submitted well before the NAS report, it was tied up in the editing process for a year and a half—undergoing three

comprehensive rewrites—so that all the adverse health data could be interjected. The list of hazards, though significant principally to teenagers, was not a long one.

Acute intoxication notoriously impairs reception and retention of new data, which can become especially awkward for students. More important, since growing tissues are most susceptible to the toxic effects of any drugs, growing kids run more risk of damage from smoking drugs, whether tobacco or pot, than do older persons. Moreover, smoking increases the work of the heart. Since acute marijuana intoxication impairs motor coordination and visual tracking ability, one shouldn't drive under its influence.

High-school students since the mid '70s have universally reported, without exception, that they *could* obtain marijuana if they wanted it. Since fewer kids have been smoking it every year since 1978, obviously the youth market has become oversaturated. However, the report states, "It is predictable that this drug—like all others—will

er in 1977, shortly before leaving office under a cloud of highly dubious associations. In New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles, three urban "joint task forces" were set up incorporating 21 agents from each outfit, with a budget of at least \$4.6 million. The idea was to investigate and bust whole dope-dealing syndicates, using the FBI's proficiency at tracing dirty money, so that when the busts came down, all the dope money could be confiscated by the feds. DEA jefe Peter B. Bensinger at the time was swearing before Congress that the DEA could surely turn a steady profit this way, with the aid of some FBI money tracers.

The lure of ill-gotten gain did not so blind the DEA, though, that they were about to do the FBI any favors. In selecting targets for investigation, the DEA earmarked none but "high-level traffickers having La Cosa Nostra affiliations." The task forces, therefore, were assigned to investigate individuals such as Simone



FBI-DEA task force targets Simone "Sam the Plumber" DeCavalcante (left) and Santo Trafficante, Jr., proved to be the untouchables.



"Sam the Plumber" DeCavalcante in New Jersey or Santo Trafficante, Jr., in Florida; millionaire mob bosses who never get anywhere close to dope or dirty money. "It was unlikely,"

notes GAO, "either agency would refer a quality (sic) case to the task forces, if there was a possibility to successfully work the case within its own jurisdiction." Afterward, DEA people admitted to the

GAO that there was not much hope of nailing any of these targets.

The FBI also told the GAO—and leaked it to the press—that the DEA had

continued on p. 23, col. 1

cause harm in some of its users, particularly in its heaviest users, and among these, in its heaviest adolescent users."

Ergo, "regulation"—which fuzzheads will certainly equate with legalization—rears its controversial head. "The cultivation, importation, manufacture, distribution, retailing and, of course, use of marijuana would no longer be illegal per se." However, USDA quality control would insure purity and would standardize THC content. Inevitably, the pot would be licensed and supervised by public agencies. "Thus, controls might be placed on such factors as quality, potency, amount purchased, time and place of sales, age of buyers, et cetera."

The benefits of this for youth are obvious: "Diminishing the 'forbidden fruit' aspect of the drug and perhaps increasing the likelihood that an adolescent would be introduced to the drug through families and friends who practice moderate use, rather than through their heaviest-using, most drug-involved peers." Marijuana suppliers could be compelled to routinely advise buyers of the actual

health hazards of the drug, which would have the effect of increased credibility for these warnings. "It appears that the public is now extremely wary of some government information programs that attempt to influence health behaviors. The credibility of the federal government is especially suspect when it issues health warnings about a drug that it is clearly trying to prohibit."

The result would hardly be a massive boom in public marijuana use. The price could probably be fixed at about \$35 an ounce. The benefits to the government, and thus to society, of taxing the marijuana market are so obvious they're not even covered here. Evidently, there was a good deal of this in the committee's original report, but it was carved out after much nagging from the NAS politicians.

All in all, the committee's recommendations aren't anything novel or even truly controversial. It was Frank Press who made it so controversial, by prefacing it all with this "open letter" to Dr.

William Pollin at NIDA (another veteran of patronage politics) that repudiates the report's recommendations and flatly impugns the qualifications of the NAS's permanent Committee on Substance Abuse and Habitual Behavior to review data and enunciate conclusions at all.

The last time anything like this happened was in 1972, when an NAS president repudiated a really slipshod report on Red Dye No. 2 that may have been influenced by persons with vested interests in the food-dye racket. Thus the repudiation of *An Analysis of Marijuana Policy* provoked exceedingly deep acrimony from some members of the committee.

None, however, who was contacted by HIGH TIMES felt that this was the proper organ of opinion in which to openly air their reactions for the record, names and all. Frank Press, it was generally felt, may not know much about pharmacology or sociology, but he is acutely aware that the recommendations in this report run directly counter to current administration drug strategy—which is to stigmatize and persecute

marijuana smokers as social scapegoats, trash the whole notion of scientific drug research and turn the whole business over to federally funded "volunteer" political groups like PRIDE and the American Council on Marijuana.

"I resent this," one member said for quotation, speaking of Press's back-stabbing letter. "These people have to realize, though, that while political administrations come and go, the scientific community remains. And we have a long, long memory for things like this." Nearly all members told HIGH TIMES they'd never encountered so much bureaucratic meddling and political twaddle with any government project they'd ever worked on.

Daniel X. Freedman of Chicago chose his words to HIGH TIMES with exquisite care and craft. "Society very rarely wants to hear what science can say," he said rather beautifully, "or acknowledge what it can't say." Asked what it was he had just said, exactly, he chuckled: "I know you're frustrated and want a story, but you can't have one from me." NT

FOURTH AMENDMENT ATTACKED

SUPREMES EXPAND CAR SEARCHES

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THANKS TO THE U.S. Supreme Court, police may now search every inch of everything in any car they have probable cause to stop. Before the Supremes' June ruling, the police were limited to frisking the passengers and inspecting any area within their reach. Suitcases in a locked trunk, even in an automobile stopped for probable cause, were off limits, unless the police possessed a specific warrant for a piece.

The Court's 6-3 ruling has changed all that and has cleared up the confusion it had created in the past year with several case-by-case rulings. The nine justices also performed an about-face on their 1981 decision to restrict searches to the passenger compartment of a vehicle. Police still must have probable cause to stop a car, but once they witness some criminal violation in progress, or think they do, they're free to pry into everything in and out of sight.

This most recent ruling traces back to the Court's 1925 "automobile exception" to the Fourth Amendment's prohibition against unreasonable searches. The reasoning for the exception held that

there wasn't sufficient time for the police to obtain a warrant for a moving vehicle that might elude them.

Writing for the majority, Associate Justice John Paul Stevens, employing highway images, promised a "bright line" would be drawn between police powers and the individual's rights to privacy. The justice then opined that the "automobile exception" was equivalent to a search warrant, and made his next leap of logic by comparing a car to a home. It goes like this.

"When a legitimate search is under way, nice distinctions between closets, drawers and containers, in the case of a home, or between glove compartments, upholstered seats, trunks and wrapped packages, in the case of a vehicle, must give way to the interest in the prompt and efficient completion of the task at hand.

"If probable cause justifies the search of a lawfully stopped vehicle, it justifies the search of every part of the vehicle and its contents that may conceal the object of the search."

Fourth Down, Six to Go

The high court's ruling up-

held the conviction of Albert Ross, Jr., a Washington, D.C., man who was arrested four years ago for selling heroin tucked away in a paper bag in the trunk of his car. A federal appeals court had overturned Ross's conviction on the grounds that he had been subjected to an unreasonable and warrantless search. Never mind the means, look at the ends, the Supremes responded, in somewhat circular logic. "In this class of cases, a search is not unreasonable if based on facts that would justify the issuance of a warrant, even though a warrant has not actually been obtained."

Just hold on a minute, Justice Thurgood Marshall admonished his peers. Listening to his own reasoning,

Marshall argued that the ruling was unnecessary and excessive, since containers and packages in a car didn't need to be covered by the "automobile exception." All the police have to do, after stopping the vehicle, is impound the suspected contraband or whatever. They're not going to drive off of their own accord.

Marshall strongly doubted the police would be held at bay by Stevens's "bright line," and warned that the ruling would have "profound implications" for citizens' rights to privacy. "The majority today not only repeals all realistic limits on warrantless automobile searches," Marshall wrote, "it repeals the Fourth Amendment warrant requirement itself." HT

KEY WEST SECEDES OVER CHECKPOINT

KEY WEST, FLORIDA

EVEN BEFORE THE Supreme Court expanded car searches, scattered roadblocks across the country were demonstrating how arbitrary freewheeling police stops had become. The U.S. Border Patrol caused such a traffic tie-up last April that Key West seceded in protest and proclaimed itself the Conch Republic. While outside of West Memphis, Arkansas, on Interstate 40, in one May day, police made 215 arrests and cleaned up \$25,000 in fines stopping cars at their discretion. The ACLU was considering suing for failure to exercise probable cause. In Knoxville, Tennessee, and elsewhere, reports are coming in about random roadblocks that threaten to overstep even the extended boundaries the high court gave law enforcement.

Situated at the end of a two-lane road, 120 miles from Miami, Key West is dependent

on weekend automobile visitors for its off-season tourism. The Border Patrol, creating a 19-mile-long traffic jam with its checkpoint, was far from a tourist draw.

Key West mayor Dennis Wardlow took decisive and imaginative action. On April 23, he declared the town the new Conch Republic and unfurled the flag: a pink conch shell against a bright yellow sun and deep blue field of stars. T-shirts sold like the revolution was on.

The Border Patrol got the joke, even if the 35 illegal aliens and two Americans with 100 pounds of pot who were nabbed didn't. The feds promised no more traffic jams. The roadblocks, however, persist to this day, popping up at random, one hour at a time. According to a Border Patrol spokesperson, the checkpoints continue on "a discretionary basis." For the Supreme Court, as well as for the feds, "Trust us" seems to be the byword.

JORGY



NINE OUNCES EQUALS 20 YEARS

VA. GOV. DENIES PARDON TO DAVIS

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

HIS GENEROSITY TEMPERED by blunt political realities, Gov. Charles Robb denied a full pardon for a Virginia man sentenced to 40 years for possession and sale of less than nine ounces of marijuana. Instead, the gov soothed his conscience by halving the sentence for Roger Trenton Davis to 20 years in prison.

Davis had been forced to appeal to the governor's mercy after the Supreme Court in January upheld the original



Davis: Out in '84?

40-year sentence handed down by a state judge for the 1973 felony conviction. (See "Highwitness News," May '82.) Two lower courts had ruled the conviction "cruel and unusual punishment," a violation of the Eighth Amendment, and had set Davis free after he'd already served four years in jail. Now that the Supremes and Governor Robb have had their say, Davis, 34, is back in prison and won't be eligible for parole until July 1984.

The maximum sentence Davis was handed is the same

as for second-degree murder in Virginia. The average national sentence for selling less than a pound of pot runs around three and a half years. And, according to attorney Rick Ford, state coordinator for NORML, the same crime today in Virginia would be punished by probation or a few months' imprisonment at most.

Marijuana Miscereation

Why was there such a difference in sentencing Davis? Many observers agreed with Anthony Lewis, the *New York Times* columnist, who wrote after the Supremes' ruling: "He [Mr. Davis] was from the little town of Wytheville, and some people thought the sentence had something to do with the fact, not popular in Wytheville—that Mr. Davis was a black man married to a white woman." State NAACP director Jack Graveley is more blunt: "He was out to be gotten by the political and social establishment out there and they got him."

If Davis had only flouted the racial taboos, he might not have attracted so much attention. But he caused the sons and daughters of the townsfolk to question the moral straitjacket around their prejudices—about blacks and about drugs. His crime was that he wasn't quiet about it. In a letter to then-governor Mills Godwin asking a pardon, Wythe County drug counselor Nancy Davis (no relation) wrote, "Roger Davis became a kind of local legend—a black hippie leader with the charm of a Pied Piper."

Eight years later, Governor Robb's refusal to grant a pardon shouldn't come as such a surprise. The Virginia senatorial elections are coming up, after all, and how would it have looked if the state's leading Democrat had set free a "black Pied Piper"? **MT**

GAO BLASTS FBI-DEA TASK FORCE BREAKUP

continued from p. 21, col. 4
intentionally selected unapproachable Mafia bosses as targets in a premeditated (and successful) effort to sabotage the whole program. However, the FBI agents themselves turned out to have curious investigative techniques for drug enforcement, according to the DEA. In good old-fashioned crime-busting style, the G-men hauled in lower-level mafiosi and grilled them closely about their bosses. The bosses, some of whom had been under narco surveillance for 30 years, inevitably learned that the heat was on and became cleaner than ever before.

After six months of this futile approach, all the task force supervisors were reshuffled, and a few non-Mafia targets designated. Within another six months, at the beginning

of 1978, the FBI guys had put away their pocket computers and were using snitches to set up buy busts, just like DEA agents. "Because no financially oriented cases were developed by either the New York or Chicago task forces," notes the GAO, "a philosophy of 'getting somebody for something' eventually evolved." In other words, the project turned into routine, run-of-the-mill, narco work.

By late 1978, an in-house assessment by Justice Department lawyers concluded the linkup project was "doomed," and recommended it be disbanded. Finally, six months later, the New York and Chicago task forces, which had returned only 17 indictments between them, folded up. The Los Angeles outfit carried on informally, though, having pulled in 33 indictments, and confiscated dope ultimately totalling \$6.4 million, due largely to their greater flexibility at choosing reachable targets.

Currently, after the Reagan shotgun wedding, the FBI and DEA are collaborating on 125 dope cases around the country. Their prime area of incompatibility, as the GAO sees it, springs from the DEA's policy of chalking up as many busts as possible as

soon as cases can be made against individual dope movers. This, says the GAO, provides a "disincentive" for going after truly high-level narcotics traffickers and their bank accounts, since a financial investigation involves prolonged infiltration of drug syndicates to amass all the physical evidence and to assemble grounds for subpoenaing financial records—after the busts.

If the criticism leveled at the agencies in this 1982 GAO report are taken into account by the DEA's new FBI bosses, considerable changes can be expected in federal narcotics investigations. The FBI is very proud of its latest string of long-term entrapment stings like ABSCAM, the report notes. Though the GAO reserves judgment on the effectiveness of such tactics, don't be surprised to hear of federal narcs setting up bogus dope-moving syndicates of their own, hooking up lots of motel rooms with videotape cameras in ABSCAM-style replay. Then a few years from now, the GAO will be able to issue still another report tallying all the top-level narcotics traffickers with La Cosa Nostra affiliations which this ploy snags in, not showing too much tongue in cheek, of course. **MT**

HEADSHOP ROUNDUP

PARAPHERNALIA LAWS CLASH

HEARTLAND, U.S.A.

IN THE SIX MONTHS SINCE the Supreme Court restricted so-called drug paraphernalia, related laws and enforcement are in more of a confused mess than ever before. Some subsequent developments have been encouraging to users and sellers of paraphernalia; most have not.

By upholding the ordinance of Hoffman Estates, Illinois, the Court only permitted the village to license headshops and to ban paraphernalia sales to minors. Variations on the DEA's Model Paraphernalia Act were left for other courts to determine. To arguments that these laws ought to be declared unconstitutional before being enforced, the Court adopted a wait-and-see attitude.

True to predictions, the whip has come down mainly at law enforcement's whim. "What you have is police officers swaggering in like Wyatt Earp and telling owners what they can sell and what they can't," says Robert Vaughn of the American Businesses for Constitutional Rights, a paraphernalia advocacy association. Fourteen states still hold out against restricting paraphernalia, according to Vaughn. But in those cities and states with headshop laws, selective enforcement has become a clear and present danger.

The following roundup should give some idea of the confusion:

New Hampshire

In a piece of good news for headshops, the first-circuit court has interpreted the New Hampshire statute so narrowly as to be virtually unenforceable. The court, which covers New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine and Puerto Rico, requires that the state prove the seller "knows" the buyer is going to use equipment with drugs. Proving the seller "reasonably should know" was insufficient, said the court. Even

though the late May decision upheld the Nashua city ordinance and the state's statute against the New England Accessories Association and others, defense attorney Jim Smith counted the strict interpretation as a victory for paraphernalia purveyors. "The only way this law could be enforced," according to Vaughn, "is if an undercover agent comes in asking, 'Hey, I need a dope pipe,' and some fool says, 'Here it is.'"

Florida

Meanwhile, the 11th-circuit court, governing the Southeast states, ruled against Florida Businessmen for Free Enterprise and upheld the use of the "reasonably should know" standard in the city of Hollywood's ordinance and Florida's state law. By absolving the injunction against enforcement, the police are left wide open to bust anyone for possession of paraphernalia as a misdemeanor, and selling it as a felony. At least one victim, Student Laboratory Supply in Fort Lauderdale, has been nipped, and a lawman openly admitted to the press there that the arrest was a case of selective enforcement. The proprietor of a nearby electronics store wryly noted that he was selling a lot more alligator clips since the law took effect.

Iowa

The state of Iowa is a hopping place for headshop persecution, even if the courts muzzle the police there as they did in one instance. In Dubuque, David Nowack of Asteroid Record Shop was acquitted of selling a Power Hitter on the basis that it was not drug paraphernalia. After a two-day televised trial, the jury delivered its verdict in two hours. According to defense attorney Judd Golden, during the bust of August 1981 the police "snatched everything with a marijuana leaf on it." The Dubuque County district court magistrate agreed, and condemned the zealous offi-



cers' search as being overly broad.

More recently, timing a bust with a little Independence Day fervor, Iowa drug agents confiscated 3,000 copies of *HIGH TIMES* (from issue number one onward) and so-called look-alikes from Little Pleasures in Mason City. Five days after a bill went into effect banning imitation controlled substances and material advertising them, an undercover agent bought two copies of *HIGH TIMES* from store owner Jim Donar and later returned with a warrant for the look-alikes. According to attorney Golden, who lobbied against the law, it is drawn so broadly that "No-Doz in little white bags becomes illegal."

New York

In Putnam County in upstate New York, Parents Peer Pressure forced the local council to require adults to sign their names and addresses when they buy rolling papers. The records would be open for police inspection and violators could face a year in prison and a \$1,000 fine. The proposed measure was attached to the county's new prohibition against selling paraphernalia. Against the county attorney's opinion, the council also adopted a resolution to pressure merchants to remove *HIGH TIMES* from their racks.

County attorney Thomas Costello cautioned the group that such a ban might well violate the First Amendment guarantees for a free press.

Even one of the county's own legislators recognized the proposed law's incipient Nazism. Kevin Wright termed it "the most repugnant kind of legislation there is."

Yet the Putnam County law may've already run into a brick wall. State supreme court justice Theodore Dachenhausen says he may hold a trial to determine if a similar paraphernalia law passed in Westchester County is constitutional. Although the U.S. Supreme Court failed to reverse the convictions of two shop owners, Justice Dachenhausen says the pair's second suit merits another trial.

Rhode Island

Looney Tunes owner Jeff Gardner, in Westerly, Rhode Island, says he called state drug authorities to ask how he could comply with the May headshop law. For his pains, the next day he was arrested and charged with two felonies—advertising paraphernalia and selling it. Agents cleared out everything they thought questionable, including two copies of *HIGH TIMES* and a copy of *Legal Assistance for High Society* in a storeroom. HT

NATIONAL LEGAL DIRECTORY

The following is a list of criminal attorneys who handle drug-related cases. Save this list for when you or someone you know needs to retain a lawyer or clip the name of the attorney closest to you and keep it in your wallet.

The fees are determined by the type of case on an individual basis. These attorneys may refer you to other qualified attorneys if they cannot take on the case in question.

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HASH MARKET SOARS ON WINGS OF WAR

by Bud Bogart

The price of Lebanese hash has bottomed out so low in the U.S. market that it is being traded—even up—for pounds of commercial Colombian weed. That makes hash worth around \$350 a pound—not bad, considering just a year ago it was a thousand a pound and more in most markets. Hashheads have the Mideast war to thank for the price drop.

As pointed out in this publication, and later in numerous others, the Lebanese hash connection is directly dependent upon who controls what in war-torn Leba-

grams of weed. The wrong-headed bust stuck, of course.

Non-sinse... as the name-makers have dubbed the oft-seen Mexican sinsemilla that has a few seeds in it. How can it be sinsemilla with sinse in it, you ask? Good question.

In the pot-growing regions of Mexico, mostly along the mountainous coast, there is little protection from rogue pollen wafting in on mountain winds. Even if a diligent grower pulls all the male plants from his patch, soon he will awake to find his virgin brides defiled, their little limbs bulging with seed pods.

Californians have life easier. For growers there the biggest threat from wind-borne alien pollen is many thousands of miles away, in Thailand, not counting the minuscule number of domesticated male plants in Hawaii.

Thus is explained the perfectly seedless California sinse that is considered the standard of the genre, and the somewhat tainted but still sinse-grade Mexican varieties.

A star is born. Newest in designer acid is Star of David acid, a red, six-sided star with a tiny hole through the middle. Hits look remarkably like the plastic beads used in necklaces, and speculation is rampant that they made their rounds in this novel manner to avoid detection. Ah, but what happens if you wear it and perspiration dissolves a few hundred hits on your skin? You'll see Moses.

Paper tigers: It's been some years since the heyday of pot journalism. In the summer of 1976, there were at least seven pot-oriented magazines on the market—*Head*, *HIGH TIMES*, *Dealer*, *Homegrown*, *National Weed*, *Flash* and another whose name slips our research department at the moment—and a few on the drawing boards, not to mention a West German publication that made a few forays into the world of drugs, money and publishing. Others followed—*High Life* being the most successful. But by 1980, only *HIGH TIMES* was left.

Now comes word that a California consortium of growers and editors plans a magazine focusing on domestic sinsemilla cultivation. Not a bad idea, since Cal has seen a half-dozen one-shots and even a pot newspaper, *Joint*, published erratically and filled mostly with *HIGH TIMES* reprints. But the new mag, whose name organizers and financiers want to keep hush-hush, seems a genuine effort by aficionados to be the paper of record for the enormous sinse-growing subculture. Also, say backers, ads would come not from the strapped paraphernalia industry, but from hardware and agricultural equipment suppliers. With luck, the first issue should be out in time for this year's harvest. **MT**



non. For several years now the Christian Phalangist forces have controlled the rich pot-growing regions. These forces, vastly outnumbered by the Moslem/Syrian/PLO axis mustered against them, exist in large part due to the efforts of the U.S. and Israel. Among the help extended is guaranteed clear sailing for smugglers coming into the U.S. loaded with Leb hash, smugglers who are essentially part of the Christian army, or at least part of the indigenous financial structure. Onward Christian soldiers! C'est la fucking vie... as the disgruntled French sometimes put it. If you think doing volunteer work for this magazine isn't risky, consider the hapless fellow from Saugerties, New York, a small Catskill burg noted for its pizza and bikers.

One resident, having raised several grand for a business venture, decided one drunken afternoon with a few friends to record this small fortune for posterity, and a few laughs. So he placed the cash on top of a stack of newspapers to give the appearance of a suitcase full of hundred-dollar bills. Next to it they poured a half sack of flour, arranged a few lines on a mirror and photographed the would-be businessman about to snort up an illegal-looking line.

It was the classic shot of the successful coke venture, rare as that happens, and would have made a singularly eye-catching addition to *HIGH TIMES* mail-in photos. Unfortunately the pharmacist who arranged film processing took one look at the batch and called the fuzz. In an all-too-typical response, they burst into the flour-sniffer's home with guns drawn, ransacked the house and found a couple

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Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	16
Mullumbimby madness	kangaroo bon	oz	20-40
Colombian pot	tasty red & compressed off the boats	lb	200-300
Thai sticks	watch for local errata	oz	75-225
Compressed Thai	Lebanese	lb	600-1200
Putty hash	Frankenstein critic's choice	oz	15-20
Nepalese fingers	champagne of oils	oz	1000-200
Indian hash oil	desert flowers	lb	200-250
LSD	Korean "tiles"	oz	1500-2500
Methaqualone	Sat. nite special	oz	213-250
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	lb	2800-3000

Commercial Colombian	good flow	oz	50-65
Gold and red Colombian	gone like the wind	oz	500-650
Hawaiian buds	almost nonexistent	oz	60-85
Mexican tops	a few in season	oz	500-750
California sinsemilla	thumb-loads	oz	325-350
Homegrown pot	mild	oz	2800-3600
Hash	headscratcher	oz	50-85
LSD	Lebs & Ghana	lb	450-650
Methaqualone	your choice	oz	225-300
Cocaine	steady	oz	2000-2000
	catching up to U.S. standards	oz	10-15

Santa Marta golds, reds	usual, strong supply	oz	60-85
Commercial domestic	forgettable	oz	450-650
Colombian hash	a lot cause	oz	225-300
Hash oil	not worth the effort	oz	2000-2000
Mushrooms	good assortment	oz	175-225
Cocaine		lb	2500-3000

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	1200-2200

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	100-150
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	oz	100-150
Sierra buds	passable	oz	2500

Emeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	2-4
Cocaine base	lots	lb	40-60
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gtn	negotiable
LSD	traded for blow	one	25-40

Jamaican gold	color sweetness	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

Oaxacan tops	from expatriate Texans	oz	12-15
Mexican sinsemilla	worth a shot	oz	75-100
Acapulco gold	yippee	oz	10-12
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz	60-110
Cocaine	when around turkey a special	oz	10-20

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	7-12
Red sinsemilla	stiff seedy, but stinky & stoney	oz	65-125
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	30-50

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	oz	20-250
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	5-20
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	225-250
Afghan hash	greenish black, funny	oz	10-15
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but 8	oz	250-300

Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	60-75
Up & down	legas, kind of homemade	oz	5
Moonshine		oz	30

Tallahassee	not so hot, lombo	oz	40
Sugar Maple, Minn.	boot ludes, stupefying	oz	3-6
Chicago	South Side disco toot	gtn	100
Madison	phony "mescaline" caps	one	4
Milwaukee	Black ghani cheese, primo	oz	160
Columbus	welfare acid, 400 stamps to the book	lb	700
Little Ferry, N.J.	elbows of lombo, compressed, old	lb	400
Butte, Mont.	classic "bennies"	one	150
Festworth Ind.	gummy red Leb	oz	90
Concord, N.H.	homegrown indicus	oz	375-450

L.S. sinsemilla	some real cannons	oz	125-225
Commercial Mexican	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Top-grade Mexican	around once again	oz	100-435
Mexican sinsemilla	and Oaxacan	oz	45-60
Jamaican	appears and disappears	oz	475-550

Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack	oz	70-100
Commercial Colombian	when around ght has	oz	700-1000
Connoisseur Colombian	evaporated on the ascent	oz	30-40
Thai sticks	doggy	oz	265-350

Loose Thai	short season	oz	45-55
Hawaiian	some not so hot	oz	475-600
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	10-25
Citralli hash	absent of late	oz	180-225

Lebanese hash	some past its prime	oz	200-220
Black Afghani hash	wich gold seal	oz	1950-2400
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	oz	235-300
Paid hash	lots and pieces	oz	2700-3200

Paliocybin mushrooms	dried, encapsulated	oz	150-180
Psycho	tough to come by right now	oz	1600-2000
LSD	100 make blots	oz	175
Cocaine	king of the one liners	oz	1825-2200

Methaqualone	some real bulldozers	oz	100-130
Crozes and black beauty	erratic	oz	900-1450
Methamphetamine	crystalline potent	oz	150-200
Alaska	dry & harsh	oz	1700-2500

Commercial Colombian	alarmingly potent	oz	165
Domestic sinsemilla	most available	oz	1800-1900
Mexican weed	B-grade here. A there	oz	100-150
Mainland sinsemilla	lots of lumber	oz	1550

Thai sticks	big mover	oz	35-60
Lebanese hash	roll of the dice	oz	300-500
Cocaine	G.I. lave	oz	25-200
LSD	bootcamps	oz	125

Methaqualone	victim of inflation	oz	50-65
Hawaii	banana-size buds	oz	550-550
Puna buds	short supply	oz	60
Kona gold	grower slash grade: other grades less	oz	200

Mauna Loa	fresh from the lab for cheap	oz	50-65
Mauli wowie	not a big mover	oz	500-600
LSD	speedy relief	oz	225-300
Mushrooms		oz	2000-2750

Cocaine		oz	2400-2650
Amphetamines		oz	130-200

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	100-150
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	oz	100-150
Sierra buds	passable	oz	2500

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CHARGES

Marijuana smoked in cigarettes (joints) pipes, chillums, bongs, etc., or eaten in anything from brownies to spaghetti sauce, is reported to be a corrupter of youth. It is said to remain in brain cells and other fatty tissues for long periods of time and cause permanent damage, including brain lesions, chromosome damage, memory loss and cellular deterioration. In the lungs it is reportedly 20 times more carcinogenic than cigarette smoke. It is said to be the most ubiquitous of illegal substances, being readily available on college campuses, high-, middle- and grammar schools, factories and other work places. It reportedly causes young people to lose interest in life. Its use can supposedly lead to heroin abuse. Marijuana is also reported to be totally harmless and to cause no problems whatsoever.

NATURAL AND USE

Cannabis (indica or sativa) has been used medicinally and recreationally for over 2,000 years. As hemp, it is cultivated for making rope. Like wine, marijuana has differing potencies and is grown in most parts of the world. Until recently, American strains were considered inferior to the highly potent marijuana of Nepal, Tibet, Afghanistan and Thailand. In the past decade, however, much covert technology has been applied to American sinsemilla. It may now be the equal of many indica strains. Cannabis enjoys a world-wide folklore, as evidenced by its variety of names. More research has been done on marijuana than on any other psychoactive substance with the exception of alcohol and tobacco. Findings are often contradictory, however, and many aspects of marijuana, including its long-term effects, remain enigmatic.

Cannabis can be smoked or eaten. An active ingredient, delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol, has been synthesized and is being tested in pill form for medical use. When smoked, the onset of effects is very rapid and usually lasts several hours. The effects of marijuana range from euphoria to dysphoria depending on potency, setting, orientation and state of mind.

HAZARDS

AND LIABILITIES

A committee of the Institute of Medicine recently concluded: "The

MARIJUANA

ALSO KNOWN AS:
POT, DOPE, GANJA, GANGE, HEMP, WEED,
CANNABIS SATIVA, CANNABIS INDICA,
DAGGA, SINSEMILLA, CHARAS.

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.
Written by
David Smith and Rick Seymour

The authors do not advocate the
use of any psychoactive substances.

scientific evidence published to date indicates that marijuana has a broad range of psychological and biological effects, some of which at least under certain conditions are harmful to human health. Unfortunately, the available information does not tell us how serious these risks may be.¹ Daily heavy inhalation of marijuana smoke, which contains tars and other substances similar to those found in tobacco, can produce bronchial irritation and may lead to long-term pulmonary damage.² There is no hard evidence, however, for the hypothesis that marijuana is 20 times more carcinogenic than tobacco. Excessive marijuana use by very young people may have some responsibility for a decreased desire to work or compete, but these problems involve about 3 percent of marijuana users. We view the compulsive and chronic use of marijuana like chronic alcohol use especially by the very young, as counterproductive and unhealthy both to the culture and to the individual.

There is still very much speculation and controversy over marijuana's effects on the nervous system and behavior, the cardiovascular and respiratory systems, the respiratory system and chromosomes, and the immune system.³ For years, the polarizing emotionalism of promarijuana and antimarijuana forces have clouded the

judgment of both factions. The former have hypothesized claims on the basis of inadequate and often contradictory data while the latter often attempt to ignore even the clinically verifiable dangers. [The authors are currently completing an extensive marijuana study that will discuss these differences on an item-by-item basis—to be published in the *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*, San Francisco.]

Despite the differences over long-term effects, there is more agreement on the short-term, or acute, problems. These occur while the active ingredients are either still in the metabolism or shortly thereafter, and can include nausea, anxiety, paranoia and disorientation. There are also a variety of minor symptoms not normally considered adverse reactions, including reddening of the eyes, dryness of the mouth, sudden hunger and sedation. The reaction to these ranges from annoyance to welcome indications that one is high. Among some of the more unpleasant consequences are disorientation, confused states, short-term memory loss and a variety of perceptual moods and conceptual alterations. This is especially the case if these effects produce concern or fear rather than the emotional state desired. Anxiety reactions and paranoid toxic psychosis may be serious enough to lead the user to seek professional help.

There are some clear dangers involved in marijuana use. The drug additive effect, for example, especially between marijuana and alcohol, can render one dysfunctional and physically ill. Overindulgence in marijuana can cause nausea, dizziness and unpleasant "drugged" feelings, similar to being drunk and sick on alcohol. The evidence is clear that one should not drive or run any kind of machinery while high on marijuana.

One possible danger comes not from marijuana itself but from attempts at stopping its use. Marijuana sprayed with paraquat, a weed killer, could cause progressive lung damage leading to death if smoked intensely for a period of years.⁴ Although the paraquat spraying program on Mexican marijuana crops was stopped by the U.S. Congress in 1978, some states, particularly Florida and Georgia, may initiate widespread paraquat spraying soon. However, there is still no clear evidence of how much, if any paraquat-contaminated marijuana ever reached the consumer from the Mexican spraying.^{5,6}

FIRST AID PLUS

Panic reactions are usually short-term and can be easily managed with reassurance. Advanced paranoid reactions can be controlled by standard LSD talk-down techniques, but in extreme cases, hospitalization and medication may be necessary. Compulsive use may be stopped through total supported abstinence on the order of Alcoholics Anonymous programs. Long-term problems or situations where marijuana is being used to self-medicate underlying psychological problems call for appropriate counseling by health professionals. All currently recognized adverse effects are fully reversible through abstinence.

Institute of Medicine: *Marijuana and Health*, ed. Arnold S. Reiman. National Academy Press, Washington, D.C., 1982.

² Smith, David E., M.D., Seymour Richard B., M.A. "Clinical Perspectives on the Toxicity of Marijuana." 967 (1981). Presented at the National Institute on Drug Abuse Symposium on Marijuana, June 3, 1981.

³ Smith, David E., M.D., Seymour Richard B., M.A. "The Enigma of Paraquat-Contaminated Marijuana." *The Street Pharmacologist* 2, (1), 1979.

⁴ Seymour, Richard B., M.A. "Paraquat and Psychological Toxicity." Presented at the Marijuana and Health Symposium, June 20, 1982.

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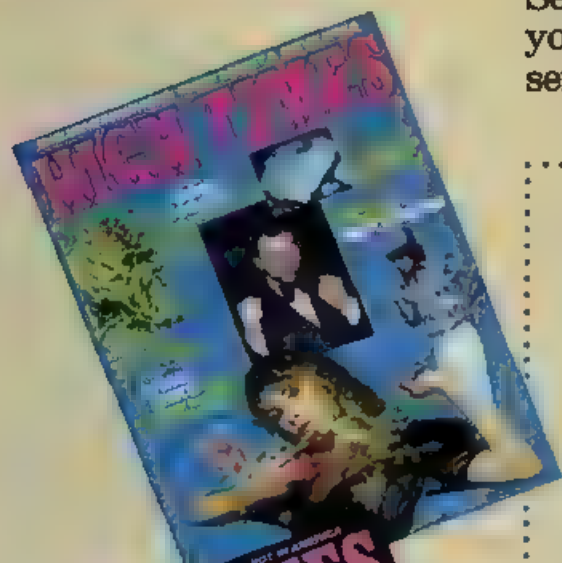
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Surely we don't have to tell you about Ginsberg. The labels roll *facilely* off the tongue: elder statesman of the beats, poet of our generation, radical activist, gnostic Jewish Buddhist, spokesman for the counterculture. Everyone

Interview:

knows his friends (Burroughs, Kerouac, Orlovsky, Dylan, Kesey, Cassady, Leary, Hoffman) and almost everyone knows his work ("Howl," "Kaddish," Planet News, The Fall of America and "Plutonium Ode").

More than anyone we can thank of, Ginsberg

prised I was able to get up and belt out a song. They're all good musicians—Mick Jones particularly—and they're very sensitive and very literate underneath all the album-cover roughneck appearance. I don't know any other band that would, in the middle of a big heavy concert, be willing to risk going on with a big middle-age goose like me who might or might not be able to sing in tune for all they know.

HIGH TIMES: It must have been a different experience than doing a reading.

GINSBERG: There's three thousand people in there. But the real challenge is to be so clear and so definite and so courageous and

all the lit matches. The emotion of wanting a community and a democracy, the emotion of wanting an end to injustice, the emotion of wanting a breakthrough into the future. The emotion of hope and the emotion of a shared consciousness of the transcendence of the political blackout and the social blackout and the sexual blackout and the dope-consciousness blackout. It's the emotional triumph over the police state. Every time they light the matches or lift their hands that's what it is—triumph over the oncoming police state.

As it was used historically, we could take the blues back to African village ceremony

ALLEN GINSBERG

rode the waves of exploration and dissent in the '50s and '60s and emerged with his psyche and credibility unscathed, ready for the '80s. Recently, he's recorded with the Clash (on their latest LP, *Combat Rock*) and Dylan (for Allen's first rock album, due soon on Hammond/CBS) and was the impetus behind a countercultural conclave at Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado, the occasion being the 25th anniversary of Kerouac's *On the Road*. We caught up with the accessible bard on a hot summer day on New York's Lower East Side, where he's lived on and off for two decades now.

HIGH TIMES: How did you wind up rewriting Clash lyrics on their new album?

GINSBERG: They asked for them. Strummer handed me the lyrics and said, "You're the greatest poet in America, can you improve this?" Look at the words to "Ghetto Defendant." Two lines ended in "city." That's no good. So I changed it to "iron pity." Walk in iron pity. Then he said it's "heroin pity." So it was just up-leveling very slightly the little blanks in their imagery to make it a little more surrealist.

HIGH TIMES: How'd you meet the Clash?

GINSBERG: Their sound man brought me backstage at Bond's in New York. I had listened to their music so I was familiar with them. And when I walked in Strummer said, "Ah, Ginsberg, when are you running for president?" So I said, "I can't. My guru said I'd wind up in Vajra hell if I did." Then Strummer said he had a guy that was going on giving lectures about El Salvador and the people in the audience were throwing tomatoes at him and he asked me if I had a po-

so authoritative to lay down the story in front of three thousand screaming new-wave heads that they actually listen to it because it makes sense.

HIGH TIMES: Did you have a sense of the power, in a Hitlerian sense?

GINSBERG: Absolutely. If the power is grounded, it's unlimited. By grounded, I mean if there's some common sense to it, if it has some basis. If it has no basis then it's sheer power and that could likely go anywhere and hit anywhere.

HIGH TIMES: Like Altamont?

GINSBERG: Well, yeah. But I wouldn't be surprised if underneath the Altamont trag-

drumming and dancing and chanting. It was sacred communal communication.

HIGH TIMES: How do you reconcile your interest in poetry and in today's rock?

GINSBERG: I get the same thrill. I get it to the point of weeping, listening to Leadbelly's "Jim Crow Blues," one of the rare things that's total politics, total blues. Or Skip James. Or Dylan's "Idiot Wind"—that makes my hair raise on my scalp. But I get that from Hart Crane's "Atlantis" and Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." Those are the great rock 'n' roll numbers of poetry, the inspired. The inspired means you take a big breath, great exhalations of spirit in poetry.

The Beat Bard

edy there was some secret direction, that the government was in there somewhere.

HIGH TIMES: But as terms of Jagger—

GINSBERG: He wasn't well grounded. As soon as he saw what he was into, having command of mantra or command of vocalization of a certain kind of calming, he could have cooled the whole scene out by mass chanting.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of rock 'n' roll?

GINSBERG: Basically blues and that's basically Afro-American philosophy singing, which is to say lamentations of the sufferings of existence and lamentations over human injustice and complaint.

HIGH TIMES: What about the energy and

It all boils down to one simple thing, one common rhythm, which is why you could take "Love in Vain" from Robert Johnson and then transform it electronically into gigantic form with the Rolling Stones, but it is basically just that one body rhythm which is universal, the one rhythm common in music and in poetry.

HIGH TIMES: Speaking of Shelley—he said the poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

GINSBERG: They are because they expand the actual breath so they make people realize that they are in their bodies in space. The effect of their verse is to make people realize they are awake in the bodies breathing in infinite space. Spirit awakened in

By Larry Sloman & George Barkin

ern. I told him I had a rhyme poem with chord changes and that I knew how to sing a little. So Strummer and Mick Jones ran over it and they brought me out at the beginning of their encore set and introduced me as President Allen Ginsberg. It was pretty successful. I think they were sur-

force of rock?

GINSBERG: What it seems to me is everybody picking up telepathically on the social communication of a common shared emotion of suffering and wanting it to go beyond the suffering into some kind of social triumph together, like all the raised fists and

space: in space meaning in the recognition of consciousness, the infinite, the openness of space, literally the looking outside the window over New York, on the clouds of the planet, here we are in the universe right now. Endless space woken up. Wakened mind, wakened spirit, wakened space,

Portions of this interview have previously appeared in *Reefer Madness: The Social History of Marijuana in America* by Larry Sloman (Bobbs Merrill, 1980).

that's the function of poetry. It's also the function of music partly through dance and partly through the breath

HIGH TIMES: Who are your favorite poets?
GINSBERG: I think ultimately for meaning and analysis, Blake; for tears and schmalz, Reznikoff, for hard common sense, Williams; for expansive good nature, Whitman, for learning and elegance, Pound for mouthings and wit, Shakespeare; but for all-around personal humanity, Kerouac. He's the only one that combines all the elements. I've been teaching him and I'm amazed how brilliant his prose is.

HIGH TIMES: Do you miss Kerouac a lot?

GINSBERG: No, not really. He's dead. But his intelligence is so pervasive to me. I still laugh with Kerouac in the sense that I address a lot of my thought and my poetry to his intelligence, to his basic sense of life and sense of mind and I use it as a touchstone because there's such a volume of his mind left in his writing that it's possible to instantly have a conversation with him or get some input from him by simply just picking up a book and finding an amazing paragraph. Like that one sentence in *Maggie Cassidy* where he says, "It was as sad as a dog act or men singing." You have his whole soul there. You could apply that to almost anything. Sad as going out to see your mother in Paterson. Sad as giving an interview with *HIGH TIMES*. Sad as looking out the window of a tenement. There's some all-pervading primordial wisdom in his work that's contactable by recollecting a phrase. In that way, I miss him a lot. I wonder what he'd think of some of my work. Like the line in one of my new songs: "I'm alone in the sky because there's nothing to lose, the sun is not eternal, that's why there's the blues." That's a line I pitched toward his mind.

HIGH TIMES: So you wanna be a rock 'n' roll star, Allen?

GINSBERG: Well, no. It's the same thing whether you're a poet or a guru or a rock star. You're locked into a role which you take on as a cross, in which you either bare as a cross of Christ and do it, as the guru does it or the Zen master, or you fight against it and commit suicide or refuse the responsibility. But it's a tremendous responsibility to be Beethoven or Dylan.

HIGH TIMES: Or Ginsberg.

GINSBERG: Ginsberg. Anybody that finally has an art. Because what that means is that you have to give your life to the art, no longer seek your own betterment but only seek the benefit of others. I used to think it was romantic to be a Zen master, you get all this romance and power, but as it turns out, a Zen master means you're a slave to the dharma, to the teaching of Zen and to your students and to the organization. You literally abandon your own life and take a new name and shave your head and give yourself to that. And it's the same thing to be a rock star. It's not just a job—it's the ultimate job of art-song communication if you're great like Dylan or Lennon.



Dr. Ginsberg and Mr. Strummer

HIGH TIMES: Have you talked to Dylan about that?

GINSBERG: No. His idea in 1978 was the idea of stopping time. Saying something that got into time, was so much in connection with time that it stopped time. That was his goal. It sounded exactly like what he did when he was younger. Like "Sweet Marie," there was something so ancient, so familiar about that rhythm, that tinny trumpet. That mercurial, celestial sound. Getting across that sensation of presence in the universe, wakened presence. That's the ideal rock 'n' roll star. Lennon, Dylan, maybe Jagger approaches it. Certainly the great black blues musicians do, Skip James or Leadbelly. Ma Rainey, Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith, they attained something of that sublimity in terms of communicating their own inward selves and simultaneously communicating with the inward selves of large masses of people. Certainly when Dylan gets up and sings "I'll know my song well before I start singing" and "It's a hard rain that's gonna fall," he unites the inward world of subjective desire and feeling and prophecy, and the external world of politics and social appreciation.

HIGH TIMES: Were you surprised by his embracing fundamental Christianity?

GINSBERG: I was a little surprised when he embraced fundamentalism, but on the other hand it seems to me he was looking for, should be looking for, the absolute. He was embracing an absolute there. To my mind as a gnostic Buddhist, it was a mistaken absolute but I thought it was a healthy sign to be embracing an absolute, that he was still out there trying, fighting his ego and trying to get rid of his ego. In this case by force, which is never successful. But he always had an inclination to the spiritual. I figured that he must have had some visionary experience of some kind.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think there's any more of a religious fervor going on now than there was in the '20s?

GINSBERG: Yes, I think there is. And Spengler refers to it as a second religiousness; after the culture reaches its climax, comes to its limits, the main techniques sort of turn to ashes like science turns to the atom bomb. There have been mechanical rational sciences reaching their limits, or people

realizing limits. Then Spengler says culture turns into civilization, high civilization more refined, more sophisticated; but also the second religiousness comes on, where people drop out and go to monasteries and drugs or whatever... art.

In 1920, 1930, nobody ever thought of the end of the world. Or a few thought of the literal end of the world. Now you have seven hundred and fifty thousand people marching in Central Park saying, "Listen, don't blow up the world. Let's make the choice not to blow up the world."

HIGH TIMES: The image of the junkie is central in a lot of your writing.

GINSBERG: I used to know a lot of junkies.

HIGH TIMES: Now in the art and punk scene it's almost chic to take heroin.

GINSBERG: I hope I didn't encourage it. That's a big drag and they'll cut their career short unless they've got the stick-to-it-ness of Burroughs or Huncke, and that's only two people out of six million. Do you think I glamorized it? Actually, there was one line that I glamorized, which I've changed, in "Howl." "Peace and junk and drugs," but that was more antipolice than projunk. But heroin seems to me like a big drag in every direction. My own life has been wrecked and ruined by junk and junkies, junkie scenes, for years, in a really bad way. Living with Huncke, getting all my friends' books ripped off, living with Huncke again, getting busted, going to jail and winding up in the bug house. Having to deal with Burroughs during the junk years.

HIGH TIMES: Were you ever shooting junk regularly?

GINSBERG: No, I shot a lot of junk in my day but I started shooting junk at the same time Burroughs did so it was prehistoric. And I watched him develop a habit, and I saw that it was a mechanical matter. If you shoot twice in a row, week after week, you will wind up with a habit, so you can't take junk more than once a week or once every two weeks. I did that for many years. I was in India, smoking opium once or twice a week with access to it every day. And after a while I tapered off, I couldn't stand it. And the reason was that I had a lot of other things I wanted to do that required energy, alertness and not being on the nod. I ain't got time to goof around. Frankly, I think, except for scientific personal researches, junk, speed and coke are all equally a drag, and I don't drink either, I don't like alcohol.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of the middle-class coke phenomenon?

GINSBERG: It's the crassest, materialistic, power-seeking, snow-blind desire for thrills, and it's a baseless thrill, it's an ungrounded thrill. We got a police state coming with the guys like Podhoretz and Haig and Midge Decter and the Moral Majority. Whether they know it or not, they're building a police state and the military is building up for a little apocalypse with the bombs, and ten thousand people were killed in Lebanon so far. So there's too much suffering in the world for a few to be amusing them-

selves with silly kicks like coke or knocking themselves out of action with junk and becoming another problem to everyone else. Cokeheads and junkheads are problems, just like the Palestinian refugees somebody else you've got to worry about and take care of and figure out where you're going to put them. As for dope, I still took quite a bit of marijuana whenever I have an idle moment. That's still very pleasant, but I find it's more pleasant if I don't smoke as much, maybe a couple times a week.

HIGH TIMES: Do you smoke sinsemilla?

GINSBERG: I don't know the difference after all these years and I don't care. Nobody's ever given me anything called sinsemilla and said "Try it out." I can't tell.

HIGH TIMES: What was your reaction the first time you smoked grass?

GINSBERG: The first time I got high—not the first time I smoked, but the first time I appreciated it, stands out in my mind like a red-letter day in my life. I was with a Columbia friend, Walter Adams, and he had this car, so we started driving around Broadway and Ninety-first Street, and we got lost. We didn't know north from south from west, which direction was which, and all of a sudden we were in a universe of blinking lights and automobiles going up and down the streets very slowly and traffic jams and people walking between the cars, cops with whistles, people walking dogs and restaurants and strange-looking streets in the middle of this giant megalopolis. I forgot it was New York. I was in the middle of the universe, with all this activity going on like in some kind of vast robot city inhabited by human beings also.

So we finally got the car turned in the right direction, finally figured where Broadway was. A block from my house and I couldn't figure out which direction to go. I got a little scared, wondering if this was what it did to your sense of time and space. So we finally put the car away, and we went into a corner restaurant and sat down at a round table in a brightly lighted old-fashioned ice cream parlor. It was old-fashioned but modern style with Formica tables. I sat down and ordered a black and white sundae, and this great plate came up. A huge round, beautiful, creamy, white ice cream and this giant dishful, this great mound of snowlike ice cream, but absolutely sweet and pure and clean and bright, and some thick, great-tasting, hot—almost steaming—chocolate syrup on top of it which, when touching the cold ice cream, formed a kind of hard chewy candy. And I remember putting a spoon into it and putting it into my mouth and saying what an *amazing* taste it had. I had never really appreciated what an outstanding invention a black and white ice cream sundae was—and how cheap it was, too! How giant and filling it was, but also what an amazing contrast of hot chocolate and moist, cool ice cream, and I was really fascinated by the whole ice cream culture.

Then halfway through I realized the whole place was swaying back and forth,

"My ambition was to get 'Howl' in the high-school textbooks so no kid would be unhip forever."

and the lights were dazzling. The sky was infinitely extensive and spacious, the plate-glass windows of the restaurant showed people walking back and forth with their dogs, smiling and chattering or weeping. And it was a grand moment of synchronicity; everything was joyful and gay, and it was the first and only ice cream sundae I've ever enjoyed in my life; everything else has been anticlimax.

There was one month when I was first smoking grass once or twice a week on elegant and selected special occasions, and it made the whole universe swing. I was then studying Cézanne, and I made an arrangement to see some watercolors stored at the Museum of Modern Art. So I took a couple of sticks of grass before the show, sat down and smoked it in the garden.

And when I saw the Cézannes, I discerned his use of space, understanding his use of hot colors advancing and cold colors receding. "Eyeball kicks" I called it in "Howl"—optical consciousness.

So it was a beginning of the exploration of the senses, which actually is the first scratchings of the Buddhist meditation exercises we would learn. In Buddhist meditations you sit, actually observing how the senses operate, and explore the wall of the senses: sight, smell, sound, taste, touch and mind. Marijuana catalyzed the same kind of observation without the Buddhist terminology or discipline. I began to realize "the eye altering alters all" that's Blake and taste sensation, taste buds, gave me a sensation of the enormous awe of space I was in.

Our original use was for aesthetic study, aesthetic perception, deepening it. I was somewhat disappointed later on, when the counterculture developed the use of grass for party purposes rather than for study purposes. I always thought that was the wrong direction, that grass should be used with mindful attentiveness, rather than just for kicks—that's silly. In fact, that's probably where Kerouac and others began separating themselves as artists from the hippie-dippy movement, so to speak. That aspect of the hippie movement was hippie-dippy you know "Let's get high." 'Cause it was ridiculous just to get high to do nothing. To get high and look at something, yes.

HIGH TIMES: Beyond just study purposes,

did smoking grass in the '40s change your political consciousness at all?

GINSBERG: When I smoked grass I suddenly realized how amazing it was that on the evidence of my own senses, which I did not doubt, here was a very mild stimulator of perception that led me into all sorts of awes and cosmic vibrations and appreciations of Cézanne and Renaissance paintings and color and tastes. And here was this great government plot to suppress it and make it seem as if it were something diabolic, satanic, full of hatred and fiendishness and madness, and so the difference between the official story and the personal consciousness I experienced catalyzed a complete reexamination of all my consciousness in every direction.

In relation to the state, to the media, to teachers, high-school mythology, in relation to patriotic mythology, government. It was the first time I ever had solid evidence in my own body that there was a difference between reality as I saw it myself and reality as it was described officially by the state, the police and the media. And from then on I realized that marijuana was going to be an enormous political catalyst, because anybody who got high would immediately see through the official hallucination that had been laid down and would begin questioning. "What is this war?"

And I think that happened in the '60s with the kids. The kids were first opened up, they were square, they believed in the war, and then they smoked some grass and everything was a little funny. The cops were after them, and they began to reexamine everything, they reexamined the war and reexamined capitalism, and I think that was a universal experience.

HIGH TIMES: What were your early experiences with psychedelics?

GINSBERG: My first experience was with peyote back in 1952. There was a guy who was getting it from Magic Gardens in Laredo, Texas, and selling it by the basketful from his store on Second Avenue. At the time, I'd take some and listen to music, particularly ecstatic music, which was mambo. And Johnny Ray. And then I sat in the backyard in Paterson, New Jersey, and looked at the space around in the sky and the solidity of the air. And the menstruating cherry tree which was in blossom and the family arguing in the house.

HIGH TIMES: How about acid?

GINSBERG: I first took LSD in '59 in San Francisco under the auspices of various people who were CIA contractors, like the Stanford Institute of Mental Health, which had various government grants. The LSD experiment was curious because it was a bummer. I was in the hospital with white tile walls all around and electric wires in my head to take EEG responses and tubes coming in and out of the air and tape recordings going on. And actually, I was literally being recorded by someone connected with the CIA and Army Intelligence and I had this uncanny feeling that Big Brother

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was listening at the time and I got rather paranoid, because my head and my nervous system was being interconnected to some kind of Big Brother machine. And the paranoia vibe of that was precisely accurate. **HIGH TIMES:** What happened in the '60s?

GINSBERG: In the '60s so many people were awakened by acid, psychedelics and by their own sexual experiences or grass or politics, political absurdities of the Vietnam War and the Algerian War and the French/Algerian War and various different wars that took place in the '50s. And by McCarthyism, and by the nuclear explosions and by the ecology movement and by their own self-awakening and by the excessively heavy-metal process on the planet that it became a mass movement which could have political ramifications because enough people were woken enough that they could form a political party or hold big be-ins. And also the Marxists, who had a social revolutionary program, were softened up and psychedelized a little bit and the entire Left became the new Left, which was much hipper than the old Stalinist Left or the CIA or Trotskyite anti-Stalinist Left. Then I think the overlay of political rage betrayed the original beat spiritual heart, and that's when Kerouac cut out of it, because he felt that the hippies were looking for new reasons for spitefulness—that was his quote "Allen Ginsberg, Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman are looking for new reasons for spitefulness in the protests of Chicago." And that was true, as Jerry Rubin now says. Kill your parents was the wrong mantra. We misunderstood, we didn't mean it literally, kill the authority figure inside of you, but it was ill-expressed definitely and Rubin says so. It offended the older folks, who didn't need to be offended, they were already against the war, they needed to be brought into it. **HIGH TIMES:** Never trust anyone over thirty.

GINSBERG: Yes, so there was a failure of imagination on the part of the youth movement in imagining what further development would be like and a kind of apocalyptic anger and intensity, which had some functions but in the long run was not politically useful and not socially useful and not spiritually useful. So it took all through the '70s to recover from that and to get more internal and to meditate a little bit and deepen and become more spiritual again and recover that spiritual part. And I think that's somewhat recovered by the '80s, the spiritual part which the beats offered most usefully and most valuably, especially in Kerouac, which was heart.

So, a sense of sacred heart. Or as Kerouac said, the hard gemlike flame, rather than the cool hippie. No, he said the cool hippie, politic manipulator, rationalist got too much of the dominant command in the '60s in political terms. And there was a lot of self-manipulation and hypocrisy. I think it perished to a great extent during the '70s by self reflection.

HIGH TIMES: And now the '80s?

GINSBERG: Well, by the '80s I think you've got a large movement, where you've got people aware of themselves being on a planet, and aware of the possible death of the planet and aware of the oddity of themselves on the planet and able to assemble maybe a million strong in Central Park to at least manifest some kind of community of understanding and maybe by this time form a nonviolent and intelligent political movement.

HIGH TIMES: On the other hand you have the ruling class becoming more and more repressive and working towards a police state, completely throwing out the Constitution. Take the latest Supreme Court ruling on being able to search cars for drugs.

GINSBERG: Yes, and I think the CIA is going back into the business of using reporters. I always thought that one basic aspect of the beat movement was an anti-police state movement and antifascist movement in the sense of setting a standard of individual conduct and of literature and of art which was decentralized and personal rather than authoritarian and centralized. And that the great value of the beat movement was that we had spread so many copies of *Tropic of Cancer* and *Naked Lunch* throughout all the attics of America, that it would be impossible to impose complete thought control again, because you'd always have this window on the classic past, the bohemian humor. You'd never be able to burn all the copies of *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn* and *Naked Lunch* and *Ulysses* and *On the Road*. My ambition was to get "Howl" in the high-school textbooks and get a few words like fuck or cocksucker or fucked in the ass by sailors who screamed with joy, in the high-school textbooks or the college textbooks so that no kid would be unhup forever. Therefore, it's no accident that now the Moral Majority in one of its mopping-up operations is trying to censor all the books in the libraries and in the schoolbooks. And trying to rewrite the college textbooks.

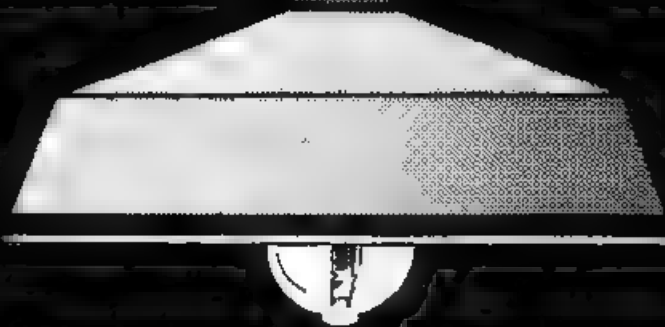
The Moral Majority is actually specifically aiming at our work. There's a big report by the Heritage Foundation attacking me, Anne Waldman, Ted Berrigan, Peter Orlovsky particularly. We were just refused a grant by the National Endowment for the Arts for Robert Frank to do a film on the Kerouac festival, and I would have thought that would have been an easy grant. So it's become controversial to give money to poets who formerly were sort of considered perfectly all right.

And all of a sudden, you get this over-tone of a fascist police state here you can't crack a joke anymore. You've got to be real serious. The beats were a literary movement that documented basic American human, humane individualistic, Thoreauvian anti-police state tendencies, exhibitions, manifestations which, once settled permanently into public consciousness, would make it impossible to go back to complete

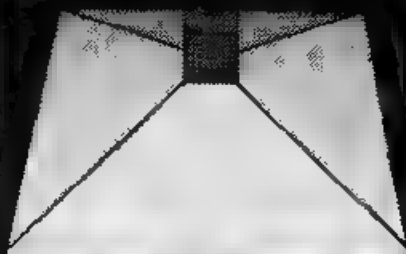
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GROWHOUSES

Raise your plants where the ripoffs can't go,
the narcs don't come and the sun always shines.

by Warren Dearden

SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA, AT THIS very moment, an erstwhile marijuana grower is tearing his hair, gnashing his teeth, putting his fist through a wall another victim of the Great Ripoff Plague. Somehow, some devious person had gotten wind of the dozen or so plants in his little patch and preempted his long-awaited harvest. He broods upon the hours of hard work and tender loving care he's wasted on them; he remembers how lovely and aromatic they were the last time he mooned over them; he contemplates his dwindling stash, wondering where next week's stone is coming from. Counting the few close friends who've been privy to his dope-growing operation, he darkly contemplates which one might've betrayed him. He gets paranoid. He worries, he mutters, he curses; he drinks every drop of liquor in the house. He yells at his kids, quarrels with his old lady and kicks his dog.

His rage is futile, of course; sooner or later he'll see that. And, unless he's a complete imbecile, he'll see that there are worthwhile lessons to learn from this devastating experience: a primary lesson about himself and his temperamental suitability to a risky avocation like dope growing; and a secondary lesson—about the inadequacy of the method he's been using to conceal his clandestine crop. What these lessons ought to add up to is a common-sense resolution to either give up dope growing entirely or get a lot more serious about it.

A growhouse, just to get the distinction straight, is not a greenhouse. People who grow in glass houses shouldn't grow dope. A growhouse is a structure incorporating no glass or transparent materials whatsoever, fashioned of opaque or translucent materials so as to conceal its contents from exterior scrutiny and to protect those contents against unauthorized access. We should note here that the opaque quality of the growhouse does double duty, for in addition to frustrating the eyes of the malevolently curious, it allows for the manipulation of the "night-length sensitivity" mechanism that triggers the plant's flower-

ing. Growing marijuana in a growhouse that can be conveniently blacked out for a couple of hours a day is the simple secret of growing those fabulous "90-day wonders." A growhouse is a type of structure that might be obtrusive in some neighborhoods and unobtrusive in others—depending on its size, its location and the material with which it's built. In some neighborhoods, such a structure might require a building permit; in others, the neighbors might complain or become suspicious; and then there are the hard-core areas in which the cops are going to know your business before you do. For many would-be growers, then, a growhouse of any size or shape is going to draw too much unwanted attention to make it a worthwhile alternative.

The law is another important consideration that a would-be dope grower ought to take into account when contemplating the feasibility of a growhouse. For a growhouse is, of course, just as frustrating to narcs as to any other ripoffs. It deprives them of the opportunity to sneak around and spy on growing plants, which in turn deprives them of their favorite "probable cause" excuse for confiscating them (and you), and finally, from obtaining an easy search warrant. And a growhouse substantial enough to deny the authorities legal entry will forestall any perjurious testimony they might want to give about your having invited them to conduct an unwarranted search of the premises. Indeed, in any community where the basic protections of the Fourth Amendment (prohibiting unwarranted search and seizure) are extended to dope fiends, even the flimsiest growhouse can be, legally speaking, relatively bulletproof.

There is, though, on the other hand, no denying that the guarantees of the Fourth Amendment are less sacred in some jurisdictions than in others, and are probably nowhere these days as sacred as they ought to be. Some judges are no more than warrant machines, some will admit even the most tainted evidence and the most perjurious testimony in the prosecution of drug

cases. Drug laws differ from state to state and are often enforced differently from one jurisdiction to another within a single state. So it is conceivable that in some communities, an elaborate, fortified growhouse might incriminate a grower more than an unconcealed marijuana patch would; that is, make him harder to defend before a hostile jury, and less sympathetic to an ill-disposed get tough judge. Weighing the legal pros and cons of a growhouse demands an up-to-date, street-wise assessment of the legal situation within one's particular jurisdiction. And a would-be marijuana grower who is vague about his rights and the possible consequences of his ambitions will be happier if he enlightens himself at the earliest stages of his planning—before the cops show up with the bulldozer—rather than afterwards.

THE BASIC DEFINITION OF A GROW-house encompasses a fairly wide range of structures of different sizes and shapes, providing greater or lesser degrees of security, and requiring the investments of larger or smaller amounts of capital. But all growhouses can be categorized broadly, according to the analogy of the Three Little Pigs—that is, they're all either straw, wood or brick structures.

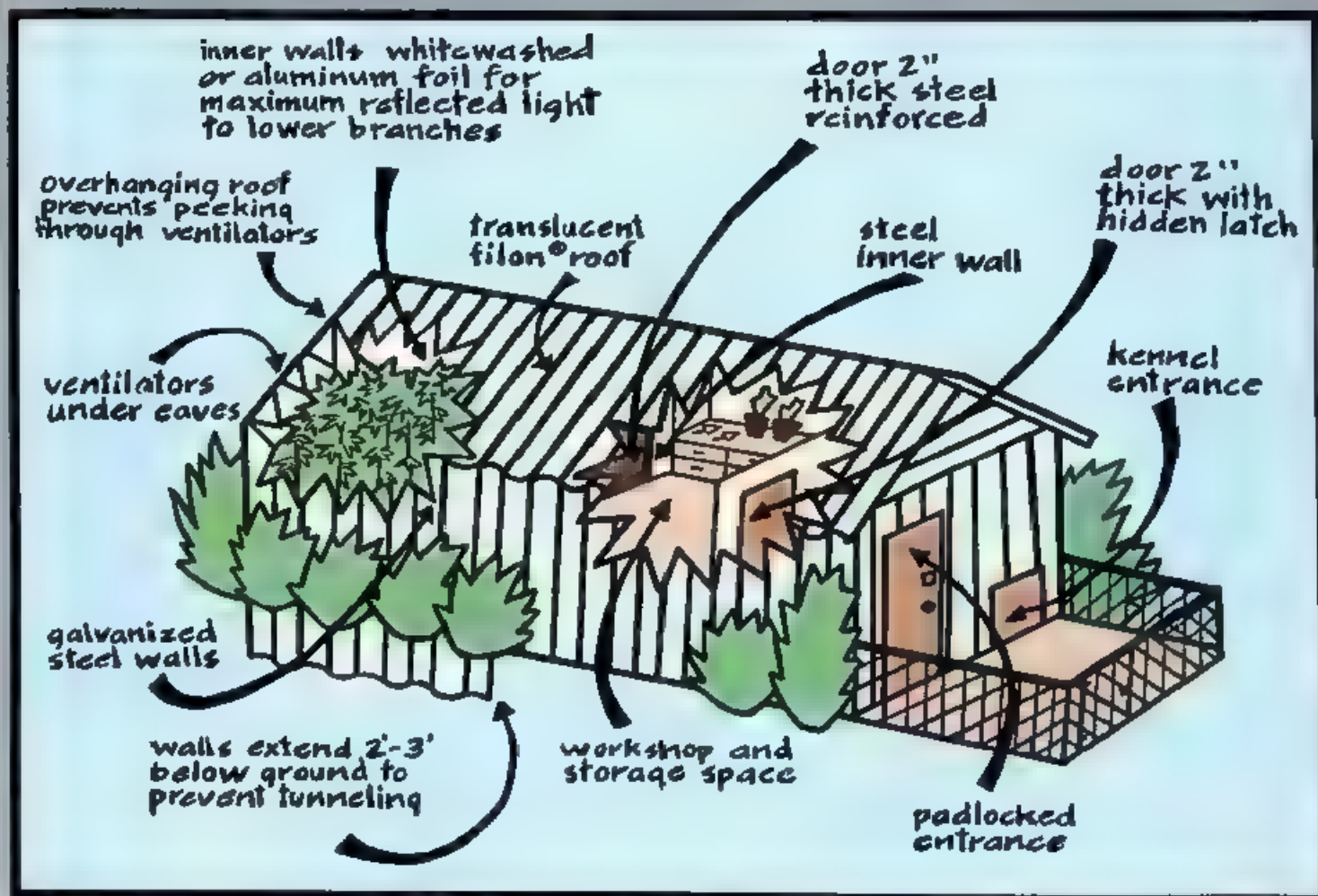
It is possible to construct a strawlike, economy-model growhouse out of the flimsiest opaque material one can come up with (black polyethylene film, for instance). Even so flimsy a growhouse can be adequate in certain situations—on a roof or high-rise terrace, where access is virtually impossible—when preventing exterior scrutiny alone is adequate protection for its contents.

Another version of the strawlike growhouse is the modified storage shed, one of those ten-by-nine-foot garden huts that you see on suburban lawns everywhere, available at your local hardware outlet for two or three hundred dollars. Such a shed can be assembled in a day and can, when customized with a translucent roof, provide a perfectly dandy spot to grow a few potted marijuana plants. But anyone who's even



Right: With a roof made of Filon, a translucent plastic, your plants will receive all the light wavelengths necessary for a healthy, stony crop.

Below: Schematic diagram of our workingman's growhouse, complete with kennel to house vicious attack dogs.



nudged one of these sheds knows how substantial they are. They are fabricated of steel the thickness of a pie plate and fastened together with a handful of nuts and bolts. They can be entered with a screw driver in less than five minutes and a stout shoulder could flatten them with a single blow. So while such a ready-made economy-model growhouse might be the ideal solution for some weekend grower tending a small crop of plants, it's not likely to satisfy the serious grower who's resolved to harvest his next marijuana crop himself. He's more likely to opt for the security of a sticklike or bricklike growhouse.

A sticklike growhouse is literally made of wood—with plywood or plank walls, framed and finished along the lines of a garage barn or shed. This clearly represents a large improvement over a flimsy storage shed in terms of stability and security. A well-framed double-nailed wooden growhouse can present a pretty formidable barrier to ripoffs armed with anything less effective than a sledgehammer and crowbar (and quite a bit of nerve). On the other hand, it does entail a larger capital investment than a strawlike growhouse, and it is perhaps more liable to draw the unwanted attentions of neighbors, building inspectors and the person who ripped off your last crop. Granted, it is a compromise in terms of security when compared to a bricklike growhouse, yet this comparison isn't always relevant. In many rural neighborhoods, for instance, where clusters of small ramshackle outbuildings are taken for granted, a sticklike growhouse is the ideal structure: reasonably secure, at least against casual ripoffs, yet not so obtrusively as to call attention to itself as the more heavily fortified bricklike operation is likely to do.

A bricklike growhouse is fashioned either literally of bricks (or hollow tile, cinder blocks) or some equally heavy-duty material, such as the corrugated galvanized-steel roofing material used in what we shall call our prototypical workingman's growhouse. The use of such heavy-duty materials imparts a heavy-duty concentration on details such as the snake-framing subterranean walls to prevent tunneling and a heavily barred entrance way as well as a supplementary security system or two.

The construction of a bricklike growhouse ordinarily involves larger investments of money and time, and such a substantial structure is obviously going to be more obtrusive than a flimsier model. For many growers, the extra security of a bricklike growhouse is simply not worth the trouble and expense. In some neighborhoods, as we've said, where flimsier structures are the norm, a bricklike growhouse is going to stick out like a sore thumb. And even in neighborhoods where substantial structures are quite common, a grower who proposes to construct a bricklike growhouse ought to give particular attention to those details of design and location that will help minimize its obtrusiveness and dis-

Keeping your mouth shut is the first commandment of growhouse growing.

guise its purpose behind some other, making it look like part of a storage building, for instance, or part of a laundry room, saunterhouse or chicken coop. But even the grower who opts for the elaborate, well-disguised bricklike growhouse is eventually going to have to wrestle with the unavoidable problem of having to tip his fortress off with an essentially strawlike roof.

The straw is the translucent plastic roofing material called *fron*, readily available in handy corrugated sheets that has been found in field tests to admit all the light wavelengths necessary to the growth of healthy stony marijuana plants. There may be other similar plastic roofing that works as well; there are some other materials that definitely work less well, producing the kind of skanky stoneless blues associated with artificial illumination. Yet no plastic material is significantly stronger than *fron*, so there is, for all practical purposes, no alternatives to this essentially strawlike roof. So any grower who is designing a bricklike or sticklike growhouse will want to do everything possible to prevent unauthorized access to and through that roof.

A good start is making the roof 10 to 12 feet high rather than 8 feet high, too high to be scaled easily by an intruder and too high for a man to reach and scramble upon without a ladder or something to climb on. But a 10- or 12-foot height is no real barrier to a ripoff who has any predetermined idea of the structure's contents. So the only real hope of a security-minded grower is to intercept intruders, after they've already broken through the plastic roof with an interior network of steel—a cage.

Chain-link fencing is a ready-made answer. It can simply be fastened to the bottom of the rafters that support the plastic roof. But chain-link may be too thick for the purpose, blocking out too much of the sunlight. Pig wire—wider mesh fencing fashioned of lighter-gauge wire—is a reasonable compromise: cheaper, easier to use and nearly as secure as chain-link. Chicken wire, however, is too flimsy by itself, suitable only as part of an ultrastrong cage fabricated of concrete-reinforcing steel (rebar). The best type of wire is probably

barbed wire: cheap, easy to use and relatively secure.

Properly used, strung both ways across the ceiling at six-foot intervals, barbed wire is just about as effective as any cage material can be. It substantially reduces the vulnerability of a plastic roof to the incursions of your ordinary sneak thief. In fact, such a setup—a barbed wire roof over a bricklike growhouse—probably approaches the limitations of mere physical security. Any grower who finds himself getting ripped off at this level of security can't realistically blame his problem on the vulnerability of his roof cage.

At this point his mistakes stem from permitting ripoffs to learn (or deduce) the purpose of his growhouse, perhaps by boasting of it, or by misestimating the relative obtrusiveness of his particular growhouse in his particular neighborhood. If keeping your mouth shut is the first commandment of growhouse growing, disguising the purpose of a growhouse against the deductions of the predator is the second.

ONE GOOD WAY TO HIDE A GROWHOUSE

is to stick it on the sunny side of a building, annexing it to a garage or barn or dwelling, fashioning it, preferably, of similar material. Better yet, it can be tucked among walls or three already-existing walls and disguised to seem part of some other building. Better still, it can be included as a part of some grander construction project designed from the start to be a totally concealed inner sanctum, hidden amidst a maze of garage, workshop, laundry room, storage room, etcetera. Yet although greater complexity does, as a rule of thumb, better disguise the covert purpose, a growhouse-centered project needs to be all that elaborate to do the job. Even one or two ostensible purposes, if they're well chosen, can adequately disguise one's covert intentions. And there can be no more eloquent proof of that than the flawless eight-year record of our prototypical workingman's growhouse. A record all the more amazing considering its hazardous location, just around the corner as it were from the Big Bad Wolf's.

The workingman's growhouse is an instructive example: simple, unpretentious, yet decidedly bricklike. It happened to be constructed of corrugated steel, because such structures are common in its environs, and because such material was available cheaply. It was situated where it was concealed from sight of the street, and to take advantage of a briar patch that effectively prevented access to it from two of its sides. Subterranean walls were included as a matter of course, since tunneling ripoffs had already victimized growhouses in the neighborhood. And the disguise was more a practical matter than anything else. The grower who designed it had a lot of cats and a huge collection of useful junk and

continued on page 85

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!

The great modern-day classic • The book no publisher would touch
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Ten years ago my brother wrote and published STEAL THIS BOOK—close to a million copies were bought (or stolen), then when he went underground distribution ceased. The book, now impossible to come by, sky-rocketed in value. Today it can only be purchased at rare book stores charging \$50 or more. I have secured the original plates, added Abbie's tales about the book as a new introduction and formed a publishing company to mail order a limited collector's edition. Sure, after ten years many of the rip-off techniques are outdated, but the spirit is irrepressible, the humor is timeless and most of the survival methods still work. It is both a souvenir of the century's most exciting era and the perfect book to counter the coming Depression. It tells you how to get most essentials, food, phone-calls, housing, clothes, travel for free. It tells you how to organize and communicate in the grass roots and counter-culture. If the response is encouraging, next year we will resurrect and up-date SON OF STEAL THIS BOOK, and publish it. But for now, here's your chance to purchase the one and only legendary original STEAL THIS BOOK and at a fraction of the price you could get it anywhere else. SEND FOR ONE OR MORE COPIES RIGHT AWAY!

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On Tour with America's Premier Bar Band

7:25 A.M. Austin ■ ■ ■

The bus is a 1962 GMC with red and yellow stripes running in circles along its battered sides. It is idling with a low rumble on this street waking with blue-collar Mexicans and children going off to school. The bus is a laborer with at least 3 million miles on it, and nearly 200,000 of those have been eaten since the Fabulous Thunderbirds acquired the machine two years ago.

Two hundred days of the year the Thunderbirds are out there on the road, in the bus, gigging across the continental United States and Canada with annual jumps over the Atlantic to England and Europe. They are a working stiff band, in the best sense of that term; stylishly straightforward unpretentious dealers in American R&B.

I am standing in this hideous hour watching as Fran Christina the Thunderbirds drummer and Maple and Dave the new road crew for the band, make their final preparations for the road and I am thinking of why I had jumped at this assignment. Up front the Thunderbirds are easily one of my favorite musical aggregations; they have never ceased to delight and satisfy in the dozen times I have seen them in the past year and the hundreds of times I have listened to their records; they are rock 'n' roll's equivalent to Wild Turkey and McCain. They have so much integrity, so much barbecue panache and blue-suede soul when they tear off something like, say, Slim Harpo's "Scratch My Back" or their own "One's Too Many" or their quintessential mojo "Marked Deck," that they approach a high level of peculiarly American art doing the lines of a fine custom lowrider, a lacquered chevron painting by Billy Al Bengston or a Robert Frank photograph.

It would be far too sterile, though, to make further "art" comparisons regarding Los Fabulosos T-Birds—sterile, patently wimpy and beside the point. We're talking unmitigated butt rockin' through the night to a so blue crawl in a whiskey-breath morning.

■ ■ ■ 8:05 A.M. Austin

Jimmy Vaughan, the guitarist and founding light of the T-Birds, steps aboard the bus. He's wearing very clean 501 Levi's with a four-inch cuff and a gray industrial dickey shirt—another working stiff going on the job behind dark sunglasses, his black hair Brylcreemed to perfection. He slips to the back of the bus to stow his bags and smooth out his bunk after giving everyone a good-morning smile.

Keith Ferguson has been sliding in and out of the bus with his ever-present can of Miller's for 20 minutes, sporting an all black look for the early A.M.: black "DARE TO DANGLE" T-shirt, black slacks, black canvas slip-ons. One of Ferguson's more

obvious features are the tattooed snakes winding down his forearms to rocoço variations on either hand. The T-Birds' bassist is the dry wit of the band, laconic and understated with the cool reptilian eyes of a reformed cat burglar who never pulled time.

Fran is standing outside the bus saying "So long" to his wife, Julie in front of their house. The band is heading out for a three-week run beginning in New Orleans and ending in New York. I am only going to New Orleans, and later would be very thankful not to have to make the entire tour. Only players in the NBA would understand the grueling road the Thunderbirds travel.

Kim Wilson, vocalist, harp maestro extraordinaire and songwriter, is not making the bus to New Orleans, opting wisely for the plane. We would not see Mr. Wilson, round-bell hustler from Detroit, until shortly before the band took the stage in New Orleans.

12:30 P.M. Interstate Highway 10 ■ ■ ■

Somewhere approaching the Texas/Louisiana state line, with 45 minutes of sleep in the last 24 hours, I make my way back to the rear "rumpus room" of the bus. This nifty area is fitted with couches and custom cabinets, along with a television and video-tape recorder. I stretch out and feel the holy nod descend. In what seemed like minutes of half sleep, I hear Fran saying, "Look at this."

He has a tape running fast speed through the deck; I turn to look out the window, focusing my eyes. When I turn back to the screen there is a blow job. Okay, what next? Bull fucking, pool balls, garter bells;

fast forward, freeze frame. "Look at this. Can you believe that? She did that!" Indeed, she did. Where the fuck are we? Forget it, I say to myself, no crashing now.

Keith appears, can of Miller's and a Kool. Filter King, recalling the last time they were in New Orleans. He pulls on his Kool, holding it in the Continental manner between thumb and index finger.

Vaughan and I were in the same room at this hotel, the one we're going back to. We walk in and there's dog shit. Poodle turds left over from the former guests.

His face pulls up in a wounded grimace then falls abruptly into a serene smile.

"But we left them a message before we split. They remembered us."

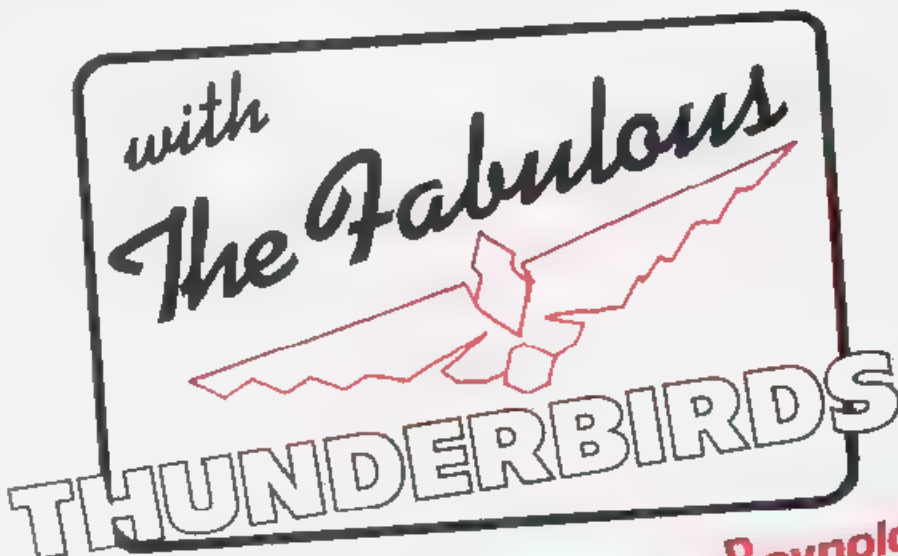
The bus rolls on. Fran manages to tune in two roadside bookers soliciting over the CB. Somewhere an eager trucker has been aroused and the girls guide him to their Interstate attraction.

Three weeks of this? Hours and hours bumping along in a '62 rock 'n' roll RV? "It reminds me of a giant Magic Fingers, like in the motels," says Jimmy. "I just sleep." Twelve hours on the road, after New Orleans to the next gig in Knoxville and another stretch after that and on and on and on. . . dubious truck stops, frittering away per diems on off-the-wall bumper stickers, postcards, assorted gewgaws, something called "Instant Pussy"—a capsule which dissolves in a glass of water to reveal a thin swatch of foam rubber in the general outline of a cat. Simple amusements, the glamour of the road.

5:40 P.M. New Orleans ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

It is opening night of the Jazz Heritage Festi-

Butt Rockin' on the Back of the Bus



by Michael Reynolds

val here and our hotel is jammed. A gaggle of British are in the hallway along with hundreds of club fed teenage girls from who knows what county high school, maddening in their prurient innocence. In the room, Vaughan strips down and begins doing head stands and back stretches while Fran and I fumble with the slim amenities of the room. Phone calls, menu perusal, television.

The three of us have bowls of gumbo sent up to the room after I've retrieved a bottle of wine. Conversation turns to maintaining health on the road, the differences between being out there alone and in the company of others, motel take-along stories are exchanged. Soon it is time for the gig.

11 PM The Club

Jimmy's is an old brick building across from the City of New Orleans trolley barn. From the interior of the club you can look directly through large plate windows high up on the wall into the brightly lit barn with its rows of blue and salmon-colored trolley cars.

Outside people have been lining up since 9 PM — the Thunderbirds are not scheduled to begin until midnight. A local rockabilly band, the Blue Vipers, are putting up the audience when we come in. The lead singer is slopping an upright bass which has received a few coats of powder blue enamel.

Minutes before the Thunderbirds take the stage Kim Wilson rolls through the back door of the dressing room. He has been out at the jazz festival all afternoon and is waving high on a gospel group he heard. The club is jammed to the tits when the T-Birds hit the stage a little after midnight, to raw enthusiastic cheering. Seconds into their first number, Kim's vocal mike goes dead. He then takes the band through two instrumentals, leading the way with some incredible blues harp sucking. The glitch is removed from the P.A. and the T-Birds settle in for a bout between the sound system and the long raggedy-assed day. The band breaks through their set, leaves the handstand after almost an hour and ducks into the dressing room to re-evaluate the situation. The boys seem beset. It is like a locker room at halftime.

Folks begin jamming the small backstage room. People who earlier that night were out on a riverboat listening to Fats Domino have hustled down to Jimmy's to catch the T-Birds. A middle-aged black man sporting a small straw cowboy hat, natty brown suit over white shirt and tie, riding on two-tone wheels of brown and white is introduced to me — Mr. Jesse Hull. Screaming up from my youth, the frenzy of "Go-Poo-Pah Doo" and the legendary "Whip It on Me, Pretty Baby." This is the man Jesse had played the riverboat that night along with Fats. His records had done some *amoral* things with time in the early '60s and they retained stunning eruptions 20 years later. Jesse is obviously delighted with the Thunder-

birds' yet another elder of the blues who recognizes the real to the band's performance. Wine and cognac is being spilled left and right. Cyster and shrimp po'ys are strewn around the dressing room along with an odd assortment of women.

1:45 AM The Club

Somehow the boys find the readiness to jump back under the blue klags for their last set. Everyone is up and ready, magicians from other contingents around town have dotted in to catch the Fabulous in their final show of the night.

Before Kim has a chance to get off the second number — *Wings* — the sound goes out on everything, leaving only Fran's drum kit and Kim's unamplified harp. Keith Ferguson's face twists into pained bemusement as Jimmy Vaughan does a saw burn. Kim and Fran go off into a blues shuffle, sliding along in a buoyant groove, keeping the energy generating. When the power comes back on, Vaughan and Ferguson kick in authoritatively and the band takes off accompanied by the whistling and shouting of the audience. Business as usual.

From this point on it's a nonstop flight, ripping hot and hard into the early hours, Jimmy tossing out guitar picks to screaming fans and loosening up to play one number with the guitar behind his head. It is most *Devastatingly Honorable Butt Rockin' time*.

Toward the end the crowd begins calling out for "Marked Deck," the ancient blues number Vaughan says may have come over on the Mayflower, storage section of course. It is a premeditated rap, twice during cards, filled with suspicion, betrayal, lies and dire prophecy. The recorded version on their *Girls On Wild* album is not sufficient — the live number is a tension filled preternatural epic. By the final Kim and the band has squeezed it all out. The New Orleans audience is suffering from ecstatic exhaustion. I have heard the damn thing at least a dozen times, but this night in Jimmy's when they burn the song into my skull like ignited whiskey.

Backstage 3:30 AM?

The dressing room is cluttered, filled and spilling out the steel door into a small courtyard. Hey, mon, there's a party... Hey, there's another party... This is a party... This is a lap... Five women appear fashionably dressed down obviously well bred and able to make that quantum leap from cocktails at the governor's house to this funky cubicle. Jesse Hull takes it all in from behind his shades with patrician aplomb. Kim and I are in the bathroom opening another bottle of the French white with my Japanese fishing knife, spluttering ourselves with the wine. Fran is standing in front of us when we emerge. "Spilled some wine all over my tie," I complain. "Yeah," says Fran, "and you've got baby powder all over your faces, too." The half dozen revelers around

us look up with curiosity and overt friendliness. "What? Where?" Wilson scuttles out the back door. "Heat rash. The sunnier rubbing on his hands still prickly with Claphis" — my face. "Damn humidity down here. Have to keep a fresh blush on Dr. Scholl's around my nose or it will flare up something fierce. Painful, ugly. Excuse me, I must make a few notes over at the trolley barn."

Sometime well after five in the morning dawn's gray hue begins to peep in the east. Kim, myself and two strangers are still in the courtyard jabbering and spilling things. Someone decides we should be on our way, so a party. We go to the backstage door. It is locked, bolted, the gate to the courtyard is the same. We are trapped in this place and banging on the steel door produces nothing. Someone begins screaming. But before anything else transpires, Kim is scrambling up the wall and over the roof, soon he appears at the door and every thing's apacetic again, as we make our way through the club and saunter out into the hot New Orleans night.

Much, Much Later and

After frightening the elderly desk clerk back at the hotel with a simple query as to the location of a party that after hours, one whose mere name caused the blue-haired ex-hooker to become physically repelled, and after frequent applications of Dr. Scholl's, I appear at the New Orleans International Airport. Checked in with my boarding pass, I'm hiking toward the departure gate, smiling aggressively and waving. So long to an ominous posterity. I spot it, the metal detector twice. Of course I don't have a concealed weapon. It must be this cheap walk. No, that's medication for my heat rash. Humidity, ugly and painful condition. Thank you very much.

I had had no more than an hour and 45 minutes sleep in the past three days and I was seriously fatigued. Raging in a smolder. In fact, my normal journalistic turf of homicide, smuggling, thievery and general outlawed behavior was a Club Med tour compared to this. And I had only been on the bus for one stop.

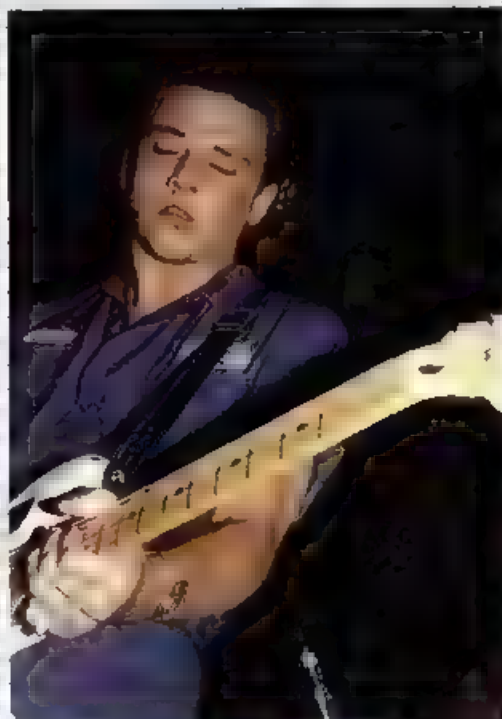
The Fabulous Thunderbirds would go on for another three weeks of one night stands, return immediately to Austin for a big show with Jerry Lee Lewis at Manor Downs, head straight out for a month with Eric Clapton back to Austin to record their new album with Nick Lowe producing and then back out — and so they go.

This band, together for six years, recognized and praised to the skies by everyone from Mudis Waters to the Rolling Stones and practically every music critic worth their salt, has everything going for it except a hit record. And if there is a greasy fingered god in that great blue vault in the sky, they will have one. In the meantime, the Fabulous Thunderbirds will continue to get evenhalls rolling and asses shaking, with or without electricity, as long as that '62 GMC can roll.

On Tour with America's Premier Bar Band



■ Keith Ferguson

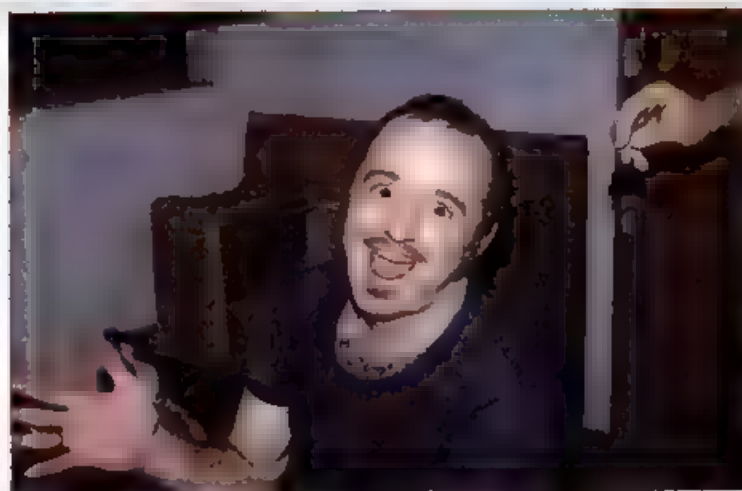
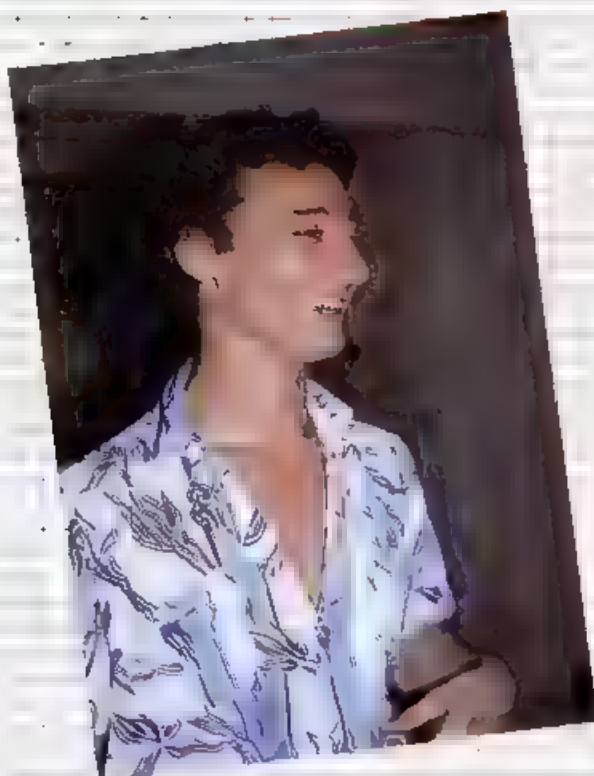


Jimmy Vaughan ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ Fran Christina



Kim Wilson ■



Photos by David Laundy

The Thunderbirds have everything going for them except a hit record.



Beltrami Archive

memoirs of an old

Chicago. The Thirties. Skid row. And marijuana was

WHEN YOU WERE STANDING on the corner of Canal and Madison streets, Chicago, in the early '30s, you were in the city's backyard. Here the prevailing winds from the lake had blown the bums, the derelicts, the "downers" (horizontal drunks, not to be confused with depressants) and deposited them in windrows along West Madison Street in one of the country's gamiest skid rows. Though the landscape was grubby and the principal view was the backsides of the big skyscrapers, you were, if you knew this wicked city, only one step from paradise. Around the corner and down the alley was the United States's first recorded fresh-air, drive-in, curb-service marijuana market. To shop there you steered the old disc-wheeled Dodge down the garbagey alley, past the back door of the greasy spoon, by the escape hatch of Louis Milazzo's speakeasy (Louie's was the watering trough for the reporters and re-write men from the old *Daily News* across the street). Marinated in gin, these Neanderthals would have been horrified had they but known that some of their juniors were threading their way down the alley: "Dope fiends looking for a fix." You went at five miles per hour past the resale shop, jam-stocked with "relievers," hundreds of the odd and mismatched shoes that the indigenous drunks had lost to thieves in the night and that had to be redeemed the next day. Next comes the barber college, the only headshop in sight in them days, brightened by the sandwich board out front that boasted: "OLD BARBERS SEND THEIR SONS HERE."

At this point you were spotted by your man, Pablo, the gardener from the Garden of Weed, and the deal was on. Pablo's station was at the heart of the Workman's Palace, a gaudy name for a mean slave market that sent Mexican day laborers out to sweat over the miles of railroad tracks that fanned out from this hub. Along those rights of way grew some of the finest gage this side of Laredo, and the workers fetched it in by the bush, manicured it and rolled it into fat joints, with the tight, neat hexagonal tuck at one end and the slight twist at the other that could be worked down into the roach of your dreams, sweet, fragrant, high voltage opening up the doors of perception for us kindergartners.

In the conventional ritual, Pablo popped into the passenger's seat in front. Your bud-

dy was in the back, cash in one hand, taking his pulse with the other. From behind Pablo's ear, or from under his cap, came the first joint, on the house to be shared—a token of brotherly love. Free of the alley at the west end, you cruised a few blocks, circled and brought Pablo back to home base. Meanwhile, from his sock he had produced a newspaper-rolled bundle of joints, a "smoker's dozen." Thirteen to the count, all yours for three bucks. Pablo debarked with a sunny "You like?" You did, and you were on your way.

Pablo and pals disappeared after sundown, and if the yen hit you, you then had to range a little wider. Some of the city's 30,000 Mexicans had settled down in the Valley where they established a cozy coexistence with the Italian alky cooks and bootleggers. One favored spot was Mike's A.E.F. Café, south and west of the Loop. This tacky, storefront speak was presided over by Mike, a soft-spoken, gentle Sicilian who read Benvenuto Cellini for kicks. His mother, so legend held, had been a Valley madam. Busy purveying "the brown and the white" (caramelized spirits sold as bourbon and bathtub gin), Mike nevertheless deplored the inclination of some of his clients toward the more elevated spirits contained in cannabis. Nightly he swore to dispossess his tenant from the flat above: Aunt Molly, billowy Mexican madonna, who, when properly approached, could produce from her alarming décolletage the same quality joints that Pablo trafficked in. But they cost a bit more. The righteous Mike was most likely getting a bit off the top in the transactions he denounced.

Pablo and friends stopped stickin' periodically. Coppers, distracted by mob slayings in the streets, would shake them down occasionally for "selling cigarettes without a license." This palid charge was about the best they could do before the passage of the federal Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 put some bite into the toothless state laws. But word was passed along the bar at the Three Deuces, 222 North State Street, that there was gold in the streets of the South Side, around 47th Street and Indiana Avenue. Code: Ask for Mr. White, black driver of a yellow cab. Me and a pal learned that a 20-dollar bill was good for openers. This got us, quite actually, a hat full of perfectly rolled joints—plus a free cab ride home. It turned out that my Cavanagh fedora held

more than a hundred of the nicely rolled joints, or "mezz-rolls," as the street talk of the day had it. There was joy in Streeterville that night, and our shellac Okehs of Louis Armstrong's "New Tiger Rag" and "You're Drivin' Me Crazy" were ground down right to the bottom of the grooves.

The final initiation of young, white weed-heads into high society was arrived at when you conned your way into the all-night parties that followed an appearance by Mr. Armstrong and band at the Regal Theater or the Savoy Ballroom, both at 47th and South Parkway. You flashed a press pass or let drop the inference that you might help get a "wire" (radio) into such jazz clubs as Bacon's Casino or the Three Deuces.

At these parties the eavesdropping was richly rewarding. "Pass me that marijuana or I'll raise an excitement," was one of the more poetic passages overheard. "Lemme tighten your wig with the best roll out of New York," was a most hospitable invitation to take a toke. "Light up and be somebody," was the seductive nudge. Your self-appointed host was Little Johnny Lindsay, balding, affable, sometime bass player whose business card proclaimed him to be "Louis Armstrong's Right Hand Man." In the packed, smoke-filled apartment the boss trumpet player of all time came and went in his bathrobe, blessing the faithful, bestowing the final benediction when he called you "Face," the last word in recognition and identification as one of the elite, no less than a term of endearment. Louis, ever the peacock, switched bathrobes about every half hour to amuse the court. A kerchief headpiece to match (or clash with) his regal robes added just the right fillip. His chops glistened with his own homemade lip salve, almost dimming the wicked intensity of that all-enveloping grin.

The final initiation rite was really a trial by fire. As the good times rolled to a lull about dawn, you were invited to, nay, expected to, take a good belt of Abilene Water, the dynamite laxative that these troubadours carried by the case when on the road. It was a command performance: "Cleans you out, man." Recollection of that day's hangover plus the trots, or "Michigan Quicksteps," as they were then called, would only muddy up this memoir. Hardier souls went on to breakfast dances. We went home and into a bed that was, mercifully, near the can. □

WEEDHEAD

there. Relive those days with us now as we seek out reefer's roots.

ARIZONA TUCSON

VERMONT AFGHANI

COLOMBIAN WACKY

STICKLESS THAI



GUATEMALAN

MEXICAN SINSE

ECUADORIAN





THE HIGH TIMES TOP 40

AAAGGGHHH! MICE! There's little green mice running all over my record collection! Little green mice, with shaggy red and yellow streaks in their pelts and woodsy little tail stems, befouling my precious discs. No. Wait a minute. Wait a MINUTE!! It's not mice. It's not mice at all. It's buds! There's little green marijuana buds running all over my record collection! BUDS! AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!!! I better start exterminating. Where are my rolling papers?



COLOMBIAN GOLD

QUEENS, NEW YORK

NICARAGUAN

PANAMA RED

LAOTIAN RED

ARIZONA

VERMONT SINSE



COLOMBIAN GOLD



DETROIT HOMEGROWN—ATTIC



COLOMBIAN RED GOLD



GUAT POT



COLOMBIAN RED GOLD



ACAPULCO



2 GUERRERO GREEN



OAXACA

VERMONT SINSE



DETROIT GARAGE 'GHANI



ECUADORIAN



DETROIT AFGHANI



ECUADORIAN

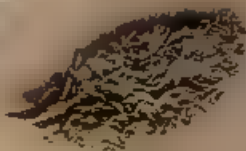




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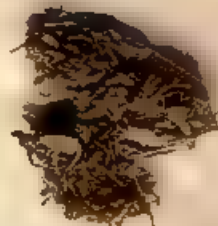
ECUADORIAN

CO GOLD



NEW YORK BACKYARD

BELIZE BREEZE



DETROIT HOMEGROWN

ACAN



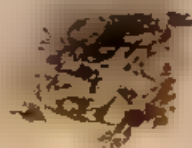
FLORIDA SINSE

COLOMBIA GOLD



GUERRERO GOLD

IZONA LAVA BED



ANN ARBOR ARBOR



QUEENS AFGHANI



ARIZONA HOME

AMSTERDAM

BY WILLIAM LEVY
PHOTOS BY DIANA BLOK

An Inside Look at the New Jerusalem of the Drug Culture

MY GOD, I THINK, HOW DID I get myself into this? The drug scene in Amsterdam. That's like being sent out to cover the wine scene in France. Visitors gape at it. We take it for granted. Like bicycles, drugs here are not just a scene. They are an integral part of the culture.

The Dutch have always been active in the mood-changer industry, as traders and consumers. In the early 18th century the English king Billy (of William and Mary) a Dutchman—introduced *gin* into the English-speaking world. The Netherlands-American bicentennial began October 8, 1782 when John Adams borrowed money from Amsterdam bankers in exchange for the Maryland tobacco crop. And Multatuli's *Max Havelaar* (1859)—perhaps the only great Dutch novel—was narrated by that representative figure, the coffee merchant.

It is hardly surprising that Amsterdam is in the international drug news again. "HASHISH HEAVEN AND HEROIN HORROR" shouts one headline in thick black letters. "IT'S COKE COOL AND POPPER PARADISE" says another, sotto voce, in delicate cursive script. After living here for a dozen years I can say thankfully that most of it is true. Of course

wherever dope deals are made there are busts, burns and counterfeit money—not to forget the ubiquitous bang bang. Amsterdam has that too. But what makes the drug scene unique here is an alternative atmosphere—what the Jews call *gemütlich*, and the Dutch call *gezellig*—a soul feeling roughly translated as "cozy."

HASHISH HEAVEN

Let's take a look at the public dealing places. They make hash and weed one of Amsterdam's biggest tourist attractions. If you say you're from Amsterdam, anywhere in the world the automatic response is: "Oh, Amsterdam. You can smoke there!" Indeed only in Morocco and Holland do cannabis and alcohol cultures live and thrive openly side by side in truce, albeit uneasily.

It is a seasonably wet and cold spring evening when I get on my bicycle and pedal the familiar route to de Melkweg ("The Milky Way"). This is a multimedia club of fering a cinema, a bar, rock 'n' roll, a restaurant, a tea room with folk music, a book shop, exhibitions and a theater all in a two-story converted milk factory around the corner from the Leidseplein, Amsterdam's main square. They have hosted over 2 million visitors in the past ten years. The entrance is a drawbridge across a narrow canal. Directly across the street is a brightly lit, modern police station.

The photographer and I lock our bicycles on the bridge and go in.

This week The Milky Way is presenting a Festival of the Future. We snake through the hallways illuminated by black light and packed with bizarrely attired young and old from Holland, all over Europe, from North and South America. Like lions and lambs, the shaggy and the sheared are cheek and jowl. *The Day the Earth Stood Still* is playing in the cinema upstairs. In the theater, a troupe dressed in black and led by a mock bishop—looking more like a medieval procession of flagellants than anything



else—are carrying cardboard replicas of nukes. We arrive at the market and get on line. Why the line? To score, of course! The Milky Way is one of the main dealing addresses in Amsterdam.

There are 40 people ahead of us. Waiting next to the fruit and cake stall we see a small sign. SPACB CAKE/PURE HASHISH/fl. 3.50. [Ed. note: *The Dutch guilder, abbreviated fl., is valued at about 36 cents.*] Well for \$1.25 we split one. The line moves quickly and before we know it we are at the front. There is a hand-carved, hand-painted wooden plaque on the table. It's the menu. From top to bottom it reads:

Afgaan	fl.9 a gram	in zakjes van	fl.25&fl.50
Libanon	fl.6 " " " "	"	fl.10&fl.25
Turkse	fl.9 " " " "	"	fl.10&fl.25
Nigerian	fl.3.25 a gm.	" " "	fl.10&fl.25
Weed			
Kerala	fl.4.50 a gm.	" " "	fl.10&fl.25
Weed			

Everything is already weighed and pre-packaged in small plastic bags. The only thing one needs to do is point and grunt either "ten" or "twenty-five"—about \$4 and \$10 respectively. The photographer buys a fl.10 bag of Kerala. The three foreigners after us all buy the fl.100 maximum, mainly of black Afghani.

When the photographer tries to take a photo of the menu, three men jump at her, waving their arms and shouting: "No photos. No photos." Had she not known one of them from Crete, her camera would have been taken away.

No one would say how much money is made and it's a closely guarded secret how much the house dealer pays. The Milky Way. But a deep-throat source told me they buy 100,000 plastic bags a year. That comes to \$800,000 a year gross. Another source says The Milky Way does ten kilos on a good weekend. That works out to over \$1 million a year.

Next to the market is the restaurant. We buy two glasses of red wine, sit down at a table and roll a joint. By night's end almost everyone will have smoked. But it is not obligatory. A lot of visitors come for the company or for their world-class cultural programs. Across the table a short-haired Dutch boy with horn-rimmed glasses loads his homemade bong. He takes a hit, smiles and passes it around. Says he: "That's a space shuttle, man! It takes you back to the stars where we come from."

And so the hours pass.

Leaving, we look into the theater again. A local new-wave band, Soviet Sex, is chanting an electronic dirge: "The future is past the future is past... the future is passed."

Tourists who need to show their sophistication complain that The Milky Way is "just like the '60s." Yes. Time travel. The '60s are a five-minute bicycle ride from my house. Isn't that cozy in 1982?

Since I've lived here, however, there has been this more-or-less open-dealing scene



It has taken many forms. The latest is that of the coffeehouse. Like everything else with an organic growth pattern, there is a spontaneous market segmentation. Different tokens for different folks.

Amsterdam is a semicircular labyrinth of bricks and water. After the full moon the weather shifts. Bright days, windless days. Lined with fluorescent green erect-leaved trees, the canals like mirrors double the number of houses by reflection. We get on our bicycles to scout this coffeehouse culture.

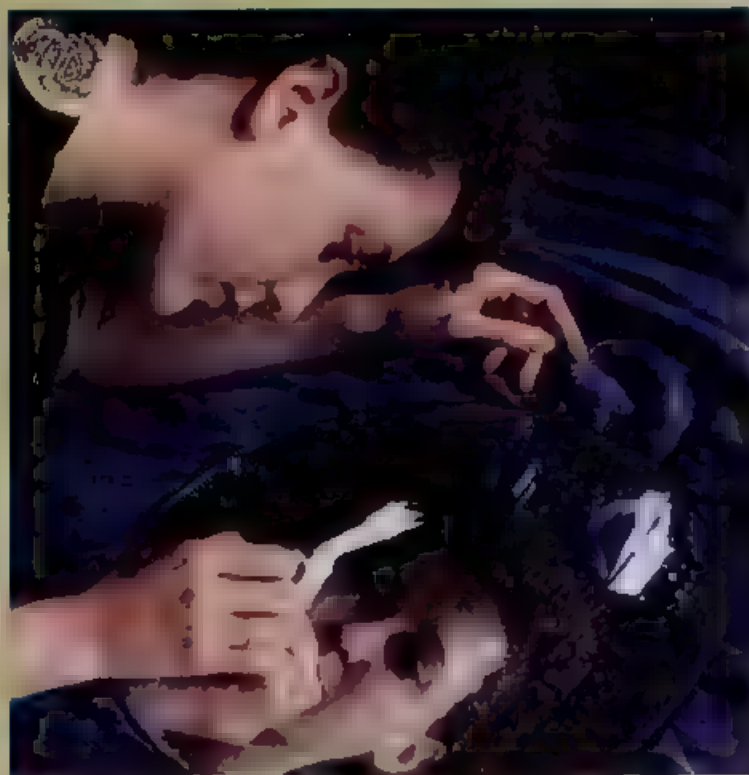
There is Rusland (*Rusland 16*). Located on a small side street near Dam Square, it is perhaps the most famous, certainly the most busy. Five years at the same location, open Monday to Saturday, 11 to 8, it attracts the prole side of the Ibiza Plaka Goa, Katmandu scene and its local aficionados. Serves pancakes, coffee, tea, fruit juice and cakes. The dealer is downstairs in the back, standing close to his canvas shoulder bag. He quickly recites what's available—like an American waitress listing the dressings available with the salad. Everything is prepackaged in plastic bags. One of their gimmicks is to put a per gram price on each bag. I sampled a good Afghani and a tolerable Nigerian. Martin the owner, is a punter for pro-pot publications in Amsterdam and in London. Again, no one is forthcoming about how much business is being done. But when three South Americans with

guns held them up, their take was fl.1138, \$410!

Next stop the Bulldog (*O.Z. Voorburgwal 80*). Also in the center of town, it is run by a very blond, very attractive, sweet, semi-gangster, gay business couple with a bulldog fetish. A large white bulldog is lying in front of the coffeshop. The painted facade, the interior, collaborates this further. A varied clientele made up of transients and regulars. Worth a visit. Like a gothic novel or a big eye painting, it has a grotesque charm.

Boedha's Joint Paradise (*Nieuwmarkt 12*) looks like a chic bathroom in a fashion mag. It's for the narcissistic crowd whose smoking paraphernalia includes fast cars and stewardesses. It has company T-shirts, serves coffee, soft drinks and *tosties*. Ter race recommended on a sunny afternoon. It's directly across from the old Weight House (14th century), on the square that before the war was the main Jewish marketplace. The rumor that they sell hard drugs is unconfirmed.

Across from the controversial huge hole which threatens to become a new city hall and opera house is Smoesie (*Waterlooplein 115*). Their logo is a teddy bear smoking a joint. A kind of local place for earnest middle-class pacifist socialist students. A large University of Amsterdam dorm is around the corner. Arrived at 2:30, ordered tea and had to wait for the dealer. Yes, school's out at three. In he comes, wearing a gray jog-



ging suit and looking like Dustin Hoffman with a curly wig. About 25 people have filled the place in the last half hour. I get a small plastic bag of Leb for fl.10. Everyone is smoking. The conversation is lively. Stumbling out, I notice a poster announcing a concert by Malena, four women from Berlin.

I want to be poetry stoned but am totally spaced. Somehow the photographer and I manage to bicycle across town about 15 minutes—to the Jordaan neighborhood. At the Laurier 33 (*de Laurierdwarstraat 33*), the photographer says, "Let's tell them we are going to give them publicity. Maybe we'll get free samples."

Laurier 33 has an elegant mining camp, or Mendocino decor. The menu offers 15 different kinds of pancakes and a \$4 spaghetti dinner as well as the usual range of coffee, tea cakes, hash and weed. Also open in the evenings. They host weekly meetings of Amnesty International.

High Society: Space-o-theek (*Nieuw Kerkstraat 67*) has fl.25 bags of Leb only, but enjoys excellent relations with its neighbors. While I was there, a woman with the biggest beehive hairdo this side of Baltimore came in to borrow a bowl of sugar.

We bicycle back across the Amstel River on our way home. At Utrechtsestraat the photographer runs into someone she knows.

"What are you doing?" he asks.

***If you say you're
from Amsterdam,
the automatic
response is:
"Oh, Amsterdam.
You can smoke
there!"***

"Taking photos of public dealing places," she says.

"I'm going to score now. I got a new address. Prinsengracht 1077. It's just around the corner."

We all go. Sure enough, a new one. El Gan, it's called. Also fl.25 bags of Leb. They serve beer and were showing a Kirk Douglas film on their video.

And then there's High Noon (*Lynbarnsgracht 22*), around the corner from the Rijksmuseum. Their logo is a marijuana leaf. And then...and then...and then. There are about 30 such places around Amsterdam. On a nice day—when people keep their windows open—just walk around and sniff. As they say. If you can't score in Amsterdam, you couldn't get laid in a two-

dollar whorehouse with a hundred-dollar bill between your teeth.

To find out how this open dealing and smoking came to be, I arranged to see Koos Zwart, *il Duce* of the Cannabis Union.

As I bicycle through the tunnel of the Rijksmuseum into the open space of the Museumplein, I am thinking Plato was right. He believed in the reflexive nature of the universe. That is, what you project onto it is what you get back. Since starting this story a number of things have happened to make this plausible. Four students from the Montessori high school around the corner now use the alley in back of my house for their lunch-hour blow. Right below my kitchen window come clouds of Moroccan ordinaire as I make a cheese omelet. An old notebook falls out of a closet, hits me on the head and opens to a page recording an Amsterdam drug story I had forgotten. In 1970 the Kabouter ("Gnomes") party, supported by an ad hoc coalition of freaks and liberals, elected five members to the city council. At the first meeting they all lit big joints and were arrested and carried out. The general shock at the suppression of a whole political party for a victimless crime resulted in no one being prosecuted. A significant hurdle in overcoming cannabis prohibition. And then the other night a friend came over. She had just arrived from Goa with three kilos of hash sewn into her suitcase. A successful first attempt at smuggling. She was breathless in her handmade silk outfit.

I am thinking also that having Koos Zwart as head of the Cannabis Union is not unlike having a Roosevelt or a Kennedy as chief grass lobbyist in D.C. Koos's grandfather founded the Dutch Socialist party, now the largest political party in the Netherlands. His mother was minister of health and environment. Koos himself became internationally known for broadcasting the drug prices on the radio every Saturday afternoon from 1969 to 1978. He was one of the principal speakers at the 1st International Cannabis Conference held in Amsterdam during February 1980. He controls a network of activists in the cities, towns and villages throughout the country.

We meet in a café across the street from the Concertgebouw. It is a cozy, nondealing Dutch place with rugs on the tables, a reading table filled with newspapers and magazines in the corner, and the good taste not to allow dogs. Koos is in his mid 30s and looks like a Viking gone to seed. His pale, gaunt face is framed by straight blond shoulder-length hair falling like a damp curtain from under a fossilized black cowboy hat he hasn't taken off in ten years. A mark of identity. He is, however, friendly, informed, intense.

"It all started in 1975 when my mother changed the law," Koos says. "Before that in the opiate law there was no difference between hash, coke and heroin. My mother—when she was minister of health—made two lists. List one is all but hashish and marijuana. List two has only hashish

and marijuana. This came about because the officials waded through four hundred and forty scientific studies of the dangers of cannabis use and could not find conclusive evidence of harm being done. Even then, the American ambassador gave a plea for harsher penalties—so did Germany, France and Sweden. The political reality here was no one was willing to go beyond the reasonableness of the scientific evidence. Then a small libertarian party of the Left asked for people being allowed to have up to one hundred grams for their own personal use. And an uptight party of the Right said, 'No! If we must have it, it should be only five grams.' In the end, there was a compromise on twenty-nine grams, or an American/English ounce. This was all worked out in Parliament. And now one is allowed possession of an ounce for personal use only. After the law was passed I went to my mother and said, 'Then you have to get it someplace.'

It is this attitude of "reasonableness," or levelheadedness, that makes the Dutch paradoxically at once both a pleasure and a pain in the ass. How they view politics, potatoes, poetry and hash. It's all the same. What is sensational (literally) in Amsterdam is the lack of sensation. No snipers. No coups. No paranoia.

"It was handled this way," Koos continues. "Any youth center recognized by the ministry of culture and recreation can appoint a dealer with the approval of the staff. Dealing is being socialized. Then they are paid salaries and designated *hennep verkooper*—'hemp seller.' Then there was a gap in

the market. Since the demand for hash and weed is large, and youth centers only open in the evenings, the coffeeshop dealers sprang up. This shifted the emphasis between hard and soft drugs still further."

A uniformed waiter brings our order. A beer for me, ice cream for Koos. Our conversation is interrupted. Not because the waiter is listening, but because the waiter wants to show Koos a new book he has bought. It's a bound collection of E.C.'s *Weird Science*. That's another cozy thing about Amsterdam. Nothing is as it seems. The straights are weird, the dopers are straight. Koos opens an official-looking dossier of the Cannabis Union, another kind of weird science. He takes out a map of the city.

"This map and legend show which coffeeshops were busted, in what police district; how much hash or marijuana was found, and how many officers took part in the raid. You can see in the forty-six busts between April and September of last year absolutely no coke or heroin was found. When the coffeeshop owners complained to me about the busts I told them, 'Be happy, man! It's not a bust, but an inspection—you're clean, no hard stuff.' On the other hand, when the police ask for a bigger budget, I go to the city council and show them how much time and manpower are wasted in harassing the coffeeshops." Koos laughs.

"And what are the other activities of the Cannabis Union?"

"On joining the union, a member is sent a large envelope containing a variety of seed packets with instructions on how to grow

them, lists of standard works and information about government activities. I also get a list of the drug prices published in the civil-service paper, read by all city officials. And we sell T-shirts. This one says **SMOKE THE RUSSIANS OUT OF AFGHANISTAN** and one dollar from each sale goes to the Afghan resistance movement." Essentially, the Cannabis Union (*Stichting D.A.P., Postbus 261, 5400 AG Uden*) is a middleman between the government and the street. "Within two

***Any recognized
Dutch youth
center can appoint
a dealer who is
paid a salary.***

years," Koos hopes, "there will be a complete socialization of dealing. There will be a sales tax—eighteen percent—on each plastic bag of hash."

For those of us who live in Amsterdam there is another kind of dealer: the traditional dealer. The quality and price are better and the stuff is not prepackaged but weighed in front of you.

Amiable Leiden-born H. is a pothead author's dream come true: a book collector



and cannabis dealer. He has been involved with three book shops since we've known each other: the first as an employee; the second as a partner; the third as owner. His back office is floor-to-ceiling books punctuated by original paintings (*sic*) by Charles Bukowski. H. is clearly a man of taste on his way up.

"I built up this whole book shop with dope money," he says. "On my street there are ten dealers, some South American, a few boutiques, a coffee bar. Respectable dealers. A lot of people try to support something when they get rich—to be an honor to the arts. Something more than a businessman. But it was never a bad thing to be a dealer here!"

H. excuses himself to make a pot of tea. He leaves me his brass pipe and some weed. "Here's some Kerala bud. It's called

'tiger tops' because it's supposed to be good for sex. You become as a tiger."

While H. is pouring tea I ask, "Who are the big dealers here?"

"Oh, there are a couple of thousand pounds of black hash from Pakistan coming in regularly. It's called 'reasonable border.' A lot of it is available. One family doing it a long time. Dutch people. Street boys become respectable through doing something. But more importantly Amsterdam is interesting as an international center. Danes, Swiss, Germans come here for ten to twenty kilos to redeal in their own countries. Regular customers. It used to be so for Spain and Belgrade. But there's a heroin epidemic there. It's spreading like a virus. And also they are getting richer. They used to be customers there. But now we have to wait for the scene to level out. Also, a lot of people see the open hash scene here and get the idea of making some money. Lots of smugglers are born in Amsterdam! That's why there's so much Manali hash from India around."

H. shows me a soft, dark, flaky lump of

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H. shows me a soft, dark, flaky lump of Culu Valley Manali. It has a luminous turquoise mold. He reloads the brass pipe and pours another cup of tea.

"You see, it's easily pressed. This is for suitcase smuggling. Often only three to five kilos in one suitcase. The mule gets it in Bombay, let's say, in an already prepared suitcase. If you get through, that's a thou-

sand dollars a kilo. If you get caught, the only thing that happens if you are a foreigner is to be sent out of the country."

"What kind of dealing do you do?"

"Amsterdam is a city of small dealers who earn two hundred dollars a week. The repression is coming again," he predicts. "All of a sudden there's been some bad hash stories in the press. I think it has to do with a lot of businesses that are pure front." H. takes a justifiable pride in his bookstore. Indeed, he is not merely a shopkeeper, but a quality bookseller who also distributes small-press publications throughout Holland.

I persist: "And you?"

"I do one or two kilos a week. No hassle. No paranoia. If they bust you, so what! They take the stuff and put you in jail for one or two days. I always have lots of Moroccan and Lebanese—sometimes good Lebanese Kashmir and Nepalese are my quality products. About five thousand dollars a kilo. Then there's Durban poison from South Africa. And there's Kerala weed and Manali hash from India. The nice thing about deal-

No paranoia. If they bust you, so what! They take the stuff and put you in jail for one or two days. I always have lots of Moroccan and Lebanese—sometimes good Lebanese Kashmir and Nepalese are my quality products. About five thousand dollars a kilo. Then there's Durban poison from South Africa. And there's Kerala weed and Manali hash from India. The nice thing about dealing is you learn from your customers."

It is dark when we go through the book shop to the front door. As I unlock my bicycle I can see the sparkling crown of creation on top of the bell tower of the 350-year-old Westerkerk. "Anything else you want to say?" I ask.

"Yes. There's something I forgot. A lot of big dope business is done by Israelis. You always find them in the big circles. Some of them are nice. I used to be partners with an Israeli. He was religious: wouldn't deal on Saturday."

The next day the photographer phones and says she knows someone who grows their own. I wasn't very enthusiastic. Dutch grass—like New York State wine—isn't exactly for connoisseurs. I am happy to report this was different!

Josephine is an urban grass farmer. She lives with a parrot, two cats and an Irish setter in the Pijp, a district built in the late 19th century for workers—now a community of new immigrants, artists and folk. She has a small allotment in the back of her apartment about 4 yards wide and 12 yards deep. There she grows Jamaican, Pak, Indonesian, Dutch and her own hybrids. "The best," she brags, "is my own."

"There were three buildings in this plot that I removed with my own hands," she tells us, making a wide, expansive gesture with her arm as if her garden were the Ewing family spread. "Then I had three truckloads of dirt brought here. I make my own compost from garbage given me by a friend who owns a vegetarian restaurant. Biodynamic earth and astrology. How can I miss? I grow it all summer, sell it in the

On joining the Cannabis

Union, a member

H. excuses himself to make a pot of tea. He leaves me his brass pipe and some weed. "Here's some Kerala bud. It's called

*On joining
the Cannabis
Union, a member
is sent a packet
of seeds and a list
of drug prices.*



all over. From Peru, that's special. I also make my own crosses." Josephine is trying to get one of those crosses recognized as an original species. It's a cross between a male indica from northern India, where they make black hash, and a female sativa from Peru. She calls it "Tira 81 purple."

"My total crop is about two kilos. But tops only. I sell it for eight guilders a gram. Here! This is from last year."

It looks healthy, smells pungent, tastes fresh and packs a wallop. By now I'm grinning so hard it feels as if my face will break. Does it take a woman-who-loves-women to bring out the best in the female cannabis plant? Josephine, Earth Dyke.

"How you cure it is very important too," she insists. "I hang it upside down in a dark room, just like bats. Then I take off the big leaves and leave it another ten days. Every day looking and touching and loving. Then I put it in the closet. Again, every day I open the door for an hour to give it air. In another ten days it's almost ready."

"But, but," I stammer, "your garden is right next to, and on top of, twenty others. Everyone from the other apartments can look right in here!"

"The neighbors? They love it! Just last month one asked, 'Are you going to do it again this summer?' When I said yes, they said, 'Ja, good.'"

HEROIN HORROR

Does Amsterdam have junkies? Is a pig's ass pork?

According to a report from the European Parliament in Strasbourg, the Netherlands has 25,000 heroin addicts who consume 2,000 kilos a year. That's 1 in every 570 people. And a \$250-million trade deficit.

Peter Pontuac is the only person I see regularly who takes heroin. Maybe I make an exception because he is one of my favorite artists. His doomy strips and rock 'n' roll drawings have made him a cult figure in Western Europe. In the States his work has appeared in *Anarchy Comics*, *Dutch Treat*, *Mondo Snarfo* and an unauthorized reproduction on Lou Reed's *Take No Prisoners* album. In his own words: "*Ik ben een smack tekenaar*" ("I am a junk illustrator").

I went to see Peter in his windowless basement room below the Zebra Gallery (formerly Galerie Anus)—a totally graffitied squatted building that is one of the centers of the angry apathetic no-wave scene here. Like many junkies, Peter is elusive and spectral, an illusion accentuated by his tall, lean figure topped by dark, curly hair and a mouth missing more than its share of teeth.

"You came at the right time," he says as I enter. "I have some good heroin."

"You know I don't take that."

Long, tense pause.

"That's like living in a house together," he says finally, "and there's one room you haven't seen." This is part of our ten-year friendly disagreement on this subject. "This stuff I got, it's from a Greek. He came up to me in a café. You see these initials on my jacket? It says APH. That stands for Anarcho Pacifist Holland. He thought it said APHB, or Ares, the Greek god of war. So he comes up to me and starts a conversation. He says he has some great Peruvian flake. Did I want any? I told him I don't have money for coke. Then he offers to give me a free snort. So there we are cramped in the men's room snorting away. Next he asks if I want any other drugs. I tell him, well, yes, I sometimes use heroin. He had some. Sold me a fifty-guilder bag of Paki. One of the best deals I got in a long time, almost a quarter of a gram. Then he asks me to tell my friends about him. Poor guy. He has the stuff and is looking for a market."

"Look, Peter. I'm writing this article about drugs in Amsterdam. Why don't you tell me about how you started with smack?"

"It was in the '60s. My mind was wrecked. I was taking acid and felt as if I'd been in a terrible war. Visions of hell were still dancing in front of my eyes. Then I met these people in Haarlem who asked if I wanted to shoot opium. It was all very clean. They even had chrome-and-glass hospital syringes. Wiped their veins with alcohol. All of a sudden the bad trips vanished like snow in front of the sun. I've been using since then. Although sometimes I'm clean for a long time. Until a few months ago I was clean for over a year. Then my baby left me—for some guy who convinced her they knew each other in previous incarnations. Now I'm using again. Sure you don't want some?"

I declined. I was already carrying coffee, tobacco, alcohol and hash on my narrow back. Enough is enough. I asked him what the scoring scene was like.

"Before 1970 it was an opium-shooting scene on a very small scale. Only people dealing were Chinese. Then young Hong Kong boys appeared with smack. Then in the mid '70s there were some shoot-outs between the Chinese groups. There were busts. The police didn't want the Chinese dealers anymore. Now only black guys. On the Zeedijk it is a strange scene. Spades, police in and out of uniform and other junkies. You have to have ten eyes. If you don't want any, do you mind if I take some?"

"No. Go ahead. I've heard that the Turks would kill so they took the dealing scene away from the Dutch. Then the Israelis took it away from the Turks because they would kill too, but were better organized."

"I wouldn't know. That must be the scene that deals to GIs in Germany. Most of the house dealers I go to are Dutch. And as I've said, the street dealers are black. But it is so easy to get in Amsterdam. An endless parade of dead tourists caught unawares by an

unsuspected purity of the *sket* say enough for the quality. Although sometimes you end up with a packet containing crushed candy or cat-litter gravel, a Surinam grin right over your crouched shoulder, or you get an unidentifiable insoluble goo. Still, shooting is healthier than *chinezen*."

"What's that?"

"That's one of the reasons that soon it won't be cozy anymore. Literally, *chinezen* is inhaling the fumes in your mouth. The heroin is heated on a piece of tinfoil. Only the Chinese heroin completely dissolves. It's also called 'chasing the dragon,' because you have to move the tube around quickly. Now there's a big scare. There's a mysterious poison in some of it. The labs can't even discover what it is—strange, considering science can get you on Venus. Nineteen people died in the last two years. You die or

**"Disco acid,
40 to 60 mikes, is
in here. Just as
well, no one wants
to give Germans a
large trip."**

get paralyzed only if you smoke it, not shoot or sniff it."

"Are there other heavy things happening?"

"Oh, yeah. Next week the HUK and SKS are closing. They are centers for the old-time junkie diehards and bad cases. Soon hundreds of them will be out on the street. Burroughs gave a benefit reading at the HUK two years ago. The HUK also makes a magazine called *Score*. It's one of my favorites. Every time there's a new issue, one or two of the editors have passed away. Here's a funny story for you. To dissolve Paki or Irani smack you need an acidic liquid. Most people use lemon juice. But in the shops in the junkie neighborhoods they have caught on. The lemon juice is double the ordinary price. *Ja, ja*. Amsterdam, the hot potato in the mouth of the queen."

Peter's eyes close. His chin falls on his chest. Leaving, I hear music from another room. It's the Clash. "While I was talking/I saw you nodding out."

IT'S COKE COOL

"I prefer not to sell grams—and grams only to friends. Ounces are convenient. If you

continued on page 86

THE COMPLEAT



1. Summer '74



2. Fall '74



3. Winter '75



4. Spring '75



5. Aug/Sept '75



6. Oct/Nov '75



7. Dec/Jan '76



8. Mar '76



17. Jan. '77



18. Feb. '77



19. Mar. '77



20. Apr. '77



21. May '77



22. June '77



23. July '77



24. Aug. '77



33. May '78



34. June '78



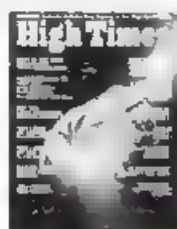
35. July '78



36. Aug. '78



37. Sept. '78



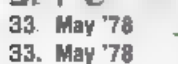
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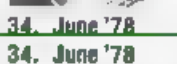
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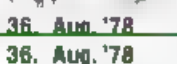
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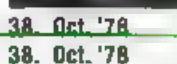
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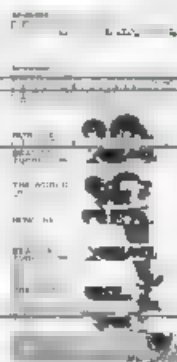
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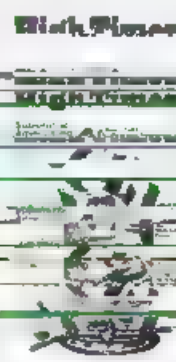
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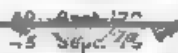
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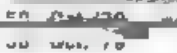
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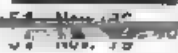
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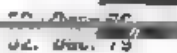
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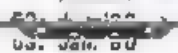
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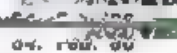
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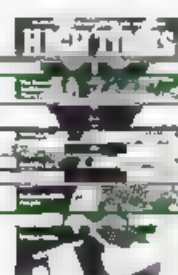
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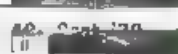
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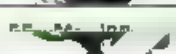
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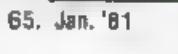
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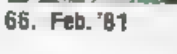
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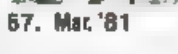
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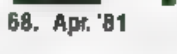
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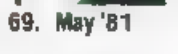
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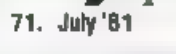
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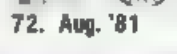
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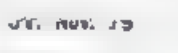
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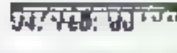
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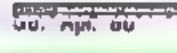
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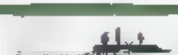
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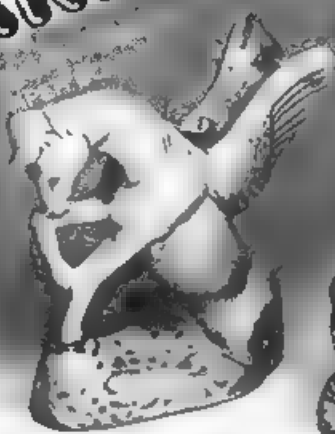
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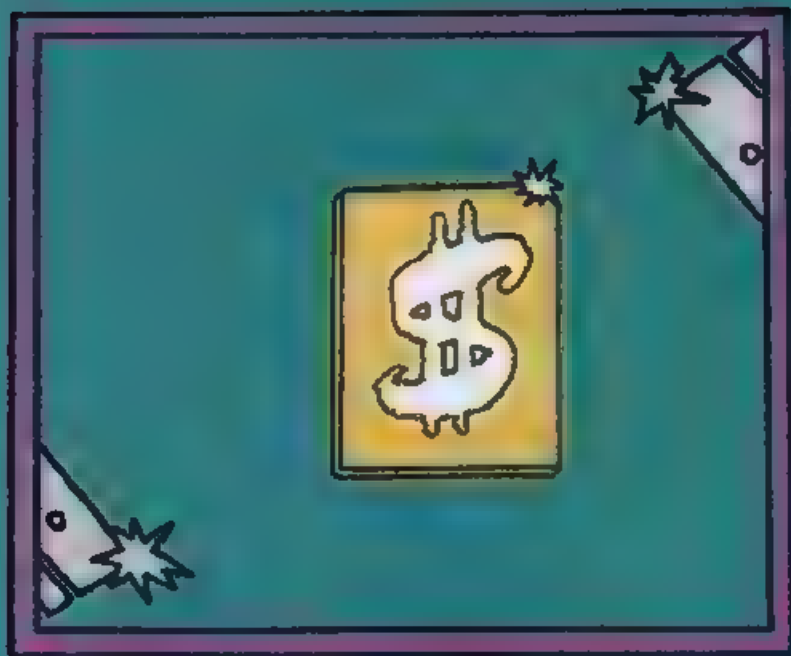


Some people are into cocaine for the rush. Some are into it for the status. And for some, it is a drug of seduction. In this day and age, coke is many things to many people.

It is probably for this reason that in most areas of the country there is at least one reliable source who can always be counted on to have grams available when the need arises. Sort of like McDonald's: easy to find, open late and easy on the pocketbook, with a dependable consistency.

HIGH TIMES chatted with one "Jack Straw," a dealer of fast grams in a Boston penthouse apartment. Although he has recently limited his customer list, he offers some insight into his operation.

WILSON
FAST LANE
GRAM DEALER



HIGH TIMES: How long have you been dealing grams to the public?

JACK: Eight years. Full time for the last two.

HIGH TIMES: Do you keep regular business hours—not necessarily nine to five, but on a daily basis, are there specific times that you're available to your customers?

JACK: Yes, I'm available most of the time but it depends. Certain days, like Thursdays and Fridays, I have to be home a lot more often than at other times during the week. During the summer I don't have to be at home at all during the weekends. Because people go away; so if anything doesn't happen by Thursday or Friday, it won't happen until Monday. And of course, if I'm going away for any length of time, I tell people beforehand so they can take care of whatever they have to before I leave.

HIGH TIMES: How many people in an average week do you deal grams to?

JACK: Different people?

HIGH TIMES: Yes.

JACK: Fifteen to twenty. Mostly all are friends.

HIGH TIMES: And how many would you say would be repeat customers in the course of a week?

JACK: Fifteen to twenty.

HIGH TIMES: What would you say is the average amount your customers score at a given time?

JACK: Well, if someone's buying for a weekend they'll get maybe two to three grams. If someone is buying for one night, usually just one. Beyond that I don't know, because sometimes they'll buy a few and it's not really for them, they'll be taking it for somebody else.

HIGH TIMES: What do you charge for a

gram?

JACK: Usually eighty-five dollars, maybe ninety, depending on the person or how many they want, or whatever. There are people I will charge a little bit more, either because they owe me money or I know that they usually spend a lot more.

HIGH TIMES: Well, even taking into account the few extra bucks' increase in those special cases, your prices are still uncommonly cheap.

JACK: Right. And that's why I don't feel guilty charging some people a little extra. Once in a while someone says, "You weren't home this weekend, so I got something else and it was excellent." I ask them how much they paid and they say a hundred and thirty dollars. I say, "Well, you could have paid me a hundred and twenty and I could've gotten you something a lot better." That's what I would charge if I didn't do anything to it.

HIGH TIMES: Meaning, of course, if you didn't cut the coke. But in the great majority of your transactions you do cut your coke. Which cut do you use?

JACK: Inositol. I tried mannitol for a little while because it's fluffier and people like to see filled bottles, but it makes you go to the bathroom a lot. Plus it was less the consistency of real coke. Because it was so fluffy I always had a tough time mixing it evenly. I always figured I was using a larger amount than I actually was.

HIGH TIMES: Do you ever represent to your customers that your coke isn't cut?

JACK: No, but if they let me know beforehand, they can get it before I do anything to it, with the comparable price increase, of

HIGH TIMES: Aren't you ever tempted to

really hit your stuff up a lot—to come up with your own concoction and make more money?

JACK: No. I could probably put that extra gram on it and there's not a soul in the world that would ever know. But I feel that as long as my prices don't go up I see no reason to do that. It's a matter of my own credibility. Also now if someone was to complain for whatever reason, I could honestly tell them too bad, that's your problem. But as soon as I laid that little bit of extra cut on, even if I knew my customers wouldn't be able to tell the difference, I wouldn't be able to defend myself anymore. I'd feel too guilty.

HIGH TIMES: What's your opinion of the average coke consumer—is he capable of discriminating between good and bad blow?

JACK: I don't think there's a definite answer as to which is good and which is bad. Basically, there's two different kinds of cocaine. There's the more up, which usually has more of a smell, is more moist and has a kick when you first do it. Some people buy coke for that reason—the speedy rush—that's what's "good" to them.

And then there's the other coke, that's not speedy, which is what I like. Eventually, if you do enough of it, you will be more up from it than down. But the actual head is not speedy—it's more of a spaced-out-type head. Good coke shouldn't have to be counteracted by drinking or "ludes or grass. It should just be a good head in itself. But like I said, some people don't want that—and those are the people who won't like what I think is good coke, because it's not going to get them up. They're looking more for speed than they are for coke. And being that I always deal to the same people, everybody I sell to has now learned that they have to be accustomed to the mellow because I won't get the speedy. But it's weird, I still think some of my customers try and use my stuff the other way—you know, they'll do an entire gram quickly for that rush. If that's all they want they should get other stuff from somebody else and just by doing a little bit they'll get that same feeling.

HIGH TIMES: Do any of your clients show up at your place with a melt-point tester or whatever, and ask to test your grams?

JACK: People used to come in and want to go through a Clorox test and would try to look and taste before they'd buy a half a gram. It really got ridiculous, because, first of all, most of the tests they were using were not going to be able to tell them a thing. Once in a while I'd even prove it to them. For example someone liked only sparkle: I showed them something that they thought was perfect and then explained to them how that was pure cut—even though it sparkled. Using a variety of cuts, there's a way to get past every test you could think of. So I guess they just have to trust me. Also, considering it's only a gram, I don't think they have to try it... as if they were buying a larger amount.

HIGH TIMES: Why don't you deal in ounces

or kilos—you must have the opportunities? JACK: I've had the opportunities, but I just don't because the people I would have to get that weight from are people I wouldn't want to deal with. Financially, dealing weight doesn't work out much better either, because the larger amounts you have to sell at a better price. Sure, in some respects, dealing ounces and kilos might be easier because you don't have to see as many people, but most of the people I sell to are friends, so I would be seeing them anyway. Also, with weight you're faced with the problems of testing it and stuff like that

HIGH TIMES: You mean you don't test your coke before you buy it?!

JACK: No, because I get it from one or two people that I assume did that and I prefer to let them worry about it. I'm either told that it's the same as the last time or it's better or it's not as good. I will get it and sell it before I have actually done it. I'm lucky because the few people I get from I trust completely.

HIGH TIMES: What about the law—do you ever worry about getting busted?

JACK: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: Do you take any active precautions?

JACK: I try... well, I guess I don't, really. I assume that I'm somebody that even if the law knew about they wouldn't want to bother with, except in terms of who I *knew*. But even the person I knew wouldn't do them any good. The only real precaution I've taken is that I've eliminated dealing to anybody that's not a friend. So I don't worry that they are going to call the police, but they may have big mouths and talk about it. So what I try to do now is keep it to a closed circle of people so that whoever knows knows now, and past that it doesn't get out. And I make that clear, because if I ever find out that one of my customers said something to another person they'll never be able to call me again.

HIGH TIMES: Exactly how far up are you in the dealing hierarchy? These people that you're getting your coke from, are they the ones bringing it into the country?

JACK: No. I'm three people away from that.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any idea of the country of origin?

JACK: No, I never ask. I've been told that the rocks are Peruvian and the flake is usually Colombian or whatever—I really don't care. I never cared about where grass came from and I don't care about this either.

HIGH TIMES: Well, if you don't test the coke

okay. My only visual requirement is that it doesn't look too moist so it can go through the Deering, and that it's not too dense, because when people put a gram in a bottle they freak out if it doesn't fill it, and they assume it's short. So the things I look for have absolutely nothing to do with the quality, but are things that just make the selling of it more, you know—

HIGH TIMES: Well, it sounds like you look for a uniformity.

JACK: Right. That's exactly what I do. It's what I pride myself on. My stuff is always about the same. It's never bad and it's never going to be cut with something that's disgusting. It's never going to burn you and it's never going to be too speedy.

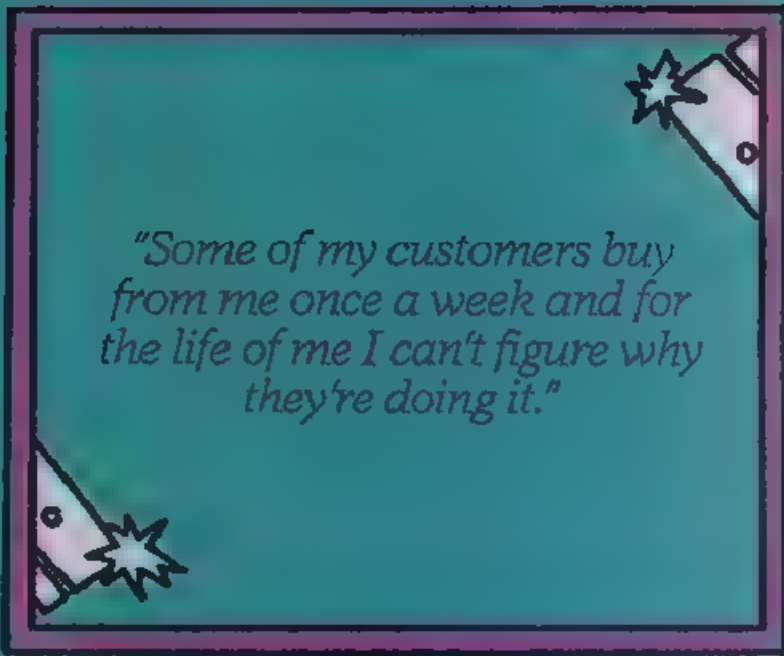
HIGH TIMES: Let's say you score some truly superior blow. Do you then call your customers and tell them you just got something new in?

JACK: No, because then I feel like I'm pushing it to people. Because they hadn't decided they wanted to score that night but I'm calling them, enticing them to buy. It makes me feel guilty, so I'd rather wait until they call and ask me. And I tell everyone that. I will never call anyone to say that I got

problem. But as far as physically, anybody that's ever come here that I think is abusing it—someone who comes by here shaking from 'ludes and does a whole gram because they're going to play tennis—I don't want to have anything to do with anymore. I don't want to feel guilty when they drop dead playing tennis. So, mostly, no one I sell to abuses it. Well, maybe on a weekend or a specific night, but not in the total thing. The people who call at four o'clock in the morning and say it's an emergency and they need another two grams—that's ridiculous. I won't deal with anyone like that.

HIGH TIMES: One last question. You've been dealing eight years. During that time you must have seen countless people coming to you every week to buy cocaine. Why do you think they do it?

JACK: Well, first off when I was selling to a wider variety of people I saw it used extensively within the business community. Coke is what people were getting as opposed to liquor or something else. People were even giving me business checks because they considered it a business expense. But I don't sell to people in that situation anymore.



"Some of my customers buy from me once a week and for the life of me I can't figure why they're doing it."

IN SEARCH OF THE

See page 25 for
National Legal Directory



You say the boys from the narcotics task force kicked in your door at 3 A.M. and found a half a pound of cocaine in an oatmeal box on a shelf in your pantry? And the stuff was fronted to you only yesterday by an old cab-driving buddy who had just blown in from six months in Peru? And the guy who said he would buy most of it from you was standing in the doorway with a badge clipped to his collar when they hauled you away? And they're talking about 15 years, because you've still got that cultivation conviction on your record from the time you took the rap for Natasha in Boise? And the morning paper just called you "a suspected major figure in an international drug ring"?

Is that what's troubling you, cousin?



A GUIDE TO YOUR QUEST FOR THE PERFECT DOPE LAWYER

Well, straighten your spine and get to work! Decisions you make now could determine whether you spend the next decade or so in polite society or locked up with criminals. You need a lawyer, someone who cares about your plight, who will work hard for you and who won't charge you an arm and a leg—and maybe a shoulder and a hip—for his services. If you have a cocaine-inflated ego, you might be thinking, "I can represent myself. After all, I have my best interests at heart. I'll work hard. And my rates are more than reasonable."

Forget it! It's trite but true: Anyone who handles his own legal defense has a fool for a client. Conducting your own court case on a criminal charge is like performing a vasectomy on yourself. The consequences of error can be severe and permanent. First-rate attorneys do not defend themselves, and you shouldn't either. End of argument.

Where does that leave you? In roughly the same predicament as the half million other Americans who will be busted for drug offenses this year. up shut creek flailing for a paddle.

Here, then, for you and your 500,000 fellow unfortunates, are some pointers on how to confront the problem of finding a decent lawyer, and some hints on what you can expect in your relationship with a legal representative. Some principles, you may be surprised to learn, apply whether your case involves tons of *marijuana* or half a gram of nose candy.

It helps, of course, to have made some provision for legal defense before you got busted, but be warned: It is grounds for disbarment for an attorney to agree to defend someone against potential charges that could arise out of "contemplated criminal acts." There is nothing, though, to prevent anyone who expects he may be busted for certain past acts from seeking legal counsel and it is eminently legitimate for a private citizen to ask a lawyer if it would be all right to call on his services, should he ever

find himself accused of a crime. This arrangement can be informal.

According to Alvin Michaelson, a Los Angeles criminal/drug attorney who has handled a number of major cases, "I get lots of calls from people who have gotten my name from someone else and say to the authorities that I'm their attorney and I know who they are, or I know friends of theirs. If they call and the police ask if I'm their attorney, of course I'm going to say yes, even though I have not been formally retained."

If you've never been in this unpleasant situation before and never expected to be here, you probably have no standing relationship with a lawyer. In that case, it may be necessary to accept temporary counsel while you look for an attorney with whom you feel genuinely comfortable. Most judges realize the importance of

BY BOB LaBRASCA

Hiring a big name to defend a conventional drug bust can be like buying designer work gloves.



Michael Kennedy

adequate representation and will grant you sufficient time to shop around a bit. If you're penniless, utterly penniless, you may have to make your peace with a public defender or a court-appointed attorney. This is not necessarily disastrous, but it is, as one public defender readily admitted, "a crap-shoot." The lawyer assigned to you could be brilliant, mediocre or impossible, according to the luck of the draw. Public defenders are generally overworked with huge case loads and find it difficult to devote adequate time to any particular case. More often than not, it's worth the effort to scrounge up enough cash to choose your own advocate from the private sector. But use your head. If you've been handed a public defender who crackles with brilliance and likes your case, it clearly would be foolish to dump him or her, in favor of some bargain-basement private practitioner.

The obvious first step in your search for the lawyer you'll want to hire is to plug in to your personal grapevine. Check the word on the street. Find out who has a rep for honest and aggressive defense work in drug cases. But don't settle for pure scuttlebutt—there's a lot of gossip and misinformation loose in the world. Try to talk to someone who has had firsthand experience with any lawyer you're thinking of contacting.

Don't hesitate to call the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws ([202] 223-3170) and get their take on the attorneys in your part of the country. In the backlash 1980s, NORML has retrenched and has extremely limited resources. Unless the outcome of your case is likely to have a truly profound impact on thousands of other cases, they will not become direct-

ly involved, but they can be helpful. In fact, NORML's healthiest asset these days is its national network of defense lawyers. Dope attorneys, under escalating attack themselves from narcs and prosecutors, are banding together for mutual protection as a professional community. Their ties have been strengthened through NORML's constantly expanding semiannual legal conferences overseen by activist lawyers like San Francisco's Mike Stepanian and San Antonio's Gerry Goldstein.

Virtually all of the lawyers that will be mentioned here are at least peripherally linked to the NORML fraternity. Many of them are widely respected and command high fees, but they are not unaccessible. Dominic Gentile, a former associate dean of the National College of Criminal Defense who pilots a drug defense-oriented criminal practice out of Las Vegas, offers this advice: "The fact that you can't afford the guy that you want doesn't mean you shouldn't call him. I don't know any lawyers that charge for a first interview. Oh, I do know some, but they're assholes."

Gentile insists that no NORML-affiliated attorney, no matter how great his standard fee, "would ever turn an inquiry away without doing everything in his power to get that person a lawyer he could afford and that would do a good job for him." Furthermore, says Gentile, he and his esteemed colleagues would assist any attorney to whom they referred a case by sharing relevant briefs or whatever insight they might have into the case. This conviction is echoed by both Joe Oteri, who has defended numerous major smuggling cases out of his Boston-based firm, and Mike Stepanian.

They may be overestimating the generosity of some of their cohorts—or their cohorts' secretaries—but the kind of referral Gentile is talking about can work to good effect, especially if it comes from a nationally known attorney. Lawyers tend to be status conscious. A relative unknown, receiving a case from someone he looks up to in the professional hierarchy, may work extra hard to impress his prestigious superior.

There is always, too, the thin possibility that a major firm will take your case for little or nothing. Most firms do some work *pro bono publico* ("for the public good"). That means they take on the case not for the fee but for the benefit of the community. "If it's the right factual case, where we figure we could make classic law with it," says Gentile, "we'll keep the case ourselves rather than fuck up the law." What he means is that the circumstances of the particular case may be such that, handled properly, they could establish a good precedent for subsequent cases. Conversely, mishandled, it could "make bad law," or set a precedent that would make defense work even more difficult than it already is. As a prospective client, you have no way of knowing whether you have a case of that significance unless you consult a lawyer who is sensitive to

the issues at stake.

Bruce Margolin, a Los Angeles drug specialist affiliated with NORML from its earliest years, recalls, for instance, taking the *pro bono* appeal of a 17-pound marijuana case just because a particular right-wing judge had abused the case with a particularly outrageous decision. "Sometimes you just feel somebody has to do something," says Margolin. A principled response can sometimes help keep not only wrong-headed judges at bay but overzealous prosecutors and cops as well.

Gerry Goldstein warns that attorneys can be too technical in their decisions on which cases to handle *pro bono*: "A doctor sees an interesting appendix after he opens up the patient, he doesn't see all the blood and guts. A lawyer sees an interesting issue in a terrible fact situation." Evaluating cases in a purely legalistic framework, he fears, sometimes blinds good lawyers to humanitarian questions.

Joe Oteri admits that the possible precedent value of a case is "sometimes a consideration," but says the key issue for him and many other effective defensive attorneys is: "Is this person a decent human being who's getting screwed?"

But don't be seduced by a few declarations of conscience. Not all reputable members of the defense bar do charity work. And, regardless of anyone's high-minded pronouncements, the odds are very much against your securing top-level representation if you can't pay the price; there are just too many people knocking at the doors of the best advocates.

Most likely, you'll have to find a criminal attorney in your geographical area who hasn't been around long enough to be established as a heavyweight—someone young, idealistic and energetic who perhaps has some politics. Michael Kennedy, another tribal elder among dope lawyers, recommends you choose "someone who's politically active with a liberal or Left liberal outlook." The politics of some first-rate drug lawyers, though, consists of nothing more than a fierce bias in favor of the underdog. Gentile, for one, claims to be completely apolitical, but believes in the renegade hero. "Today's outlaw," he observes, "is yesterday's rugged individualist."

There are thousands of middle-level, moderately priced lawyers available with experience in drug cases. The vast majority of them can conduct a perfectly adequate defense for a conventional dealer-level bust. Their fees are lower than the big names', and they are usually more liberal about deferred-payment arrangements. A lawyer from this category can be a wise choice even if you have the bucks to hire a star. An attorney who is known to handle multiton cases brings his reputation with him into the courtroom, especially if he has restricted his practice to front-page federal cases and seldom sets foot in state court.

Richard Potak is a San Francisco lawyer.

running what he calls a "midrange" practice. He has handled a large number of cultivation cases like the character of the clients and throws himself into his work with a zealotry that has sometimes won him contempt citations. He is an earnest promoter of practitioners like himself who do not command high fees but serve their clients conscientiously. "With someone in between, you get more for your money," he argues. Certainly it's true that hiring a big name to defend a conventional drug bust can be like buying designer work gloves.

Of course if money is no object, you may want to hunt for a firm with special expertise in cases like yours. If you feel you've been entrapped by the feds for instance you may want to talk with Allan Ackerman in Chicago. While many lawyers are fatalistic about the prospects of an entrapment defense in the federal courts, where decisions have tended to narrow the scope of its application, Ackerman still sees entrapment as a viable approach and he has won a number of acquittals in those cases. If you are facing cultivation charges in California you might contact Susan Jordan in Ukiah, an expert in the nuances of grower defense in the sinsemilla belt. If you've been popped for paraphernalia and want to confront the law itself, you might tap Jim Smith in Denver, who has pressed innovative constitutional challenges to roach-clip statutes in at least six states. Some firms are adept with lab cases, others with search and seizure on the high seas, etc., etc. By the same token of course, there are lawyers who will not touch a heroin case or a PCP case. You have to make your own inquiries. And remember, people mentioned in this story are only examples. There are numerous excellent firms handling drug cases throughout the country.

If you're particularly well heeled, you may want to engage a team of lawyers. An upscale importation distribution case could involve all the partners of a major firm or the cooperative efforts of attorneys from different firms. An experienced dope practitioner knows how and with whom he works best.

Several firms in the upper realm of drug law have also taken to installing legal computers in their offices, and you may want the representation of a lawyer with this available resource. Linked up with legal publishing houses, and multiply cross-referenced, these machines are a font of instant research into up-to-date case law on any issue. They've proven invaluable in both the motion and trial stages of drug cases. Joel Hirschhorn, who is a sole practitioner with only one associate, refers to his Westlaw computer as a member of the firm. In praise of his associate the machine, Hirschhorn gushes, "There is something impressive about being able to. Well, if I'm arguing a case before a federal judge I'll punch that judge's name into the computer and get the latest case he's handled on that very point. That kind of preparation and

presentation can only earn you respect in a judge's eyes. He sits up and listens."

When you finally interview a potential defender, engage your full intelligence and ask the necessary questions. Too often prospective clients shut down their critical faculties when surrounded by framed documents and oak furniture. Remember, you are thinking of hiring this person, not vice versa. The choice of who will represent you before the bar of justice is immensely more important to you than it is to him or her.

Observe how the lawyer listens to you. Take note of whether he or she is paying close attention to your narration of the bust and how it went down. In most drug cases, the details of how the government developed its case and executed its search, seizure and arrest will determine the strength of your defense. An attorney who is too busy giving you a spiel to listen to your story is not putting himself in the best position to assess your chances in court.

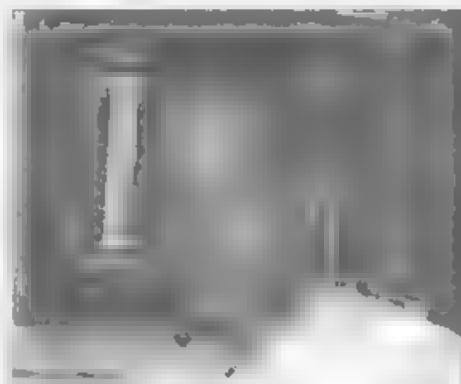
But perhaps the most important single factor in your decision to hire or keep an attorney is basic rapport. Mike Stepanian calls it "the Waaa." If your case does go to trial, your lawyer's success in the courtroom will depend on his ability to portray you to a jury as a sympathetic human being. Most trial lawyers concede that the more deeply they feel rapport with a client the more effective they will be in court. "You can tap into the NORML network and get somebody, but the guy can still be an asshole," Stepanian cautions. "We can make mistakes. The guy might not like your case, may think you're a jerk, may not like the way you look. Forget it! He must feel for you. He must want to work for you. You must have vibes. You must have the Waaaaa."

Bear in mind that virtually all respectable drug lawyers are adamant about certain professional standards. They say any attorney who promises that he will get you off, or who offers to set up a contingency fee arrangement (\$2,000 if we lose, \$5,000 if we win), or who says he can cut you a wonderful deal if you turn informant is to be avoided like herpes. He probably does not know his business, and certainly does not have your best interests at heart.

The informant issue is crucial. The official policy of the NORML National Legal Committee is that no private attorney identified with NORML will represent an informant, encourage a client to become an informant or continue to represent a client if he or she does become an informant. To protect themselves ethically they inform a prospective client of this before they take a case. Individual lawyers have a variety of reasons for supporting this policy.

Michael Kennedy: "When I represent someone, I'm trying, within the parameters of the law, to improve his position, and I happen to think that a lawyer who represents a snitch, or causes an individual to become an informant, is not improving that

Don't expect your attorney to get high with you and don't imagine that he'll accept payment in drugs.



Allan Ackerman

person's position, but making it worse." (Becoming an informant, for instance, can make you a slave of the narcotics cops and/or endanger your life.)

Gerry Goldstein: "Not only do I not want to represent somebody like that, I'm poorly equipped to. I was trained as an advocate. I was trained to be a lawyer in a courtroom. I don't know how to help people lie. I've never had any experience with a cooperating witness who really wanted to fully cooperate and tell the whole truth. My experience has been that the lawyer finds himself in the compromising position of helping the client tell what is necessary to get his deal without having to go beyond that. I presume there are lawyers who used to do government service or other individuals who are in a position to properly assist them in cooperating. And these lawyers are ready, willing and able to charge more than ample fees to provide that service to them."

Mike Stepanian: "Scumbags! The government is creating an informant society."

Joel Hirschhorn: "The business of informing violates my persona, values and ethics, but frankly, the government may be able to put a witness into the federal witness protection program, or the state may provide some form of protection for a witness, but there's no one to protect me or my family. If I represent someone who winds up cooperating with the government, winds up testifying against various people, who's going to protect us?"

So what happens next? You have found Mr (or Ms) Right, someone you can afford—or who will do your case for little or nothing—someone who you feel is competent and honest and with whom you have

the Waaa. What can you expect from this noble champion?

Your lawyer's first task—after making sure you are released for the least possible bail—is a thorough investigation of the facts of your case. If he tries to sell you a plea bargain before inquiring into the events leading up to the charges, he is probably doing you a disservice. Allan Ackerman recalls winning the suppression of "a large amount of cocaine" as evidence, and the dismissal of charges against his client because he "took the time and trouble to go down and look at the place in the airport where my client was stopped." A judge agreed with Ackerman that, because there was no exit from the alcove where the stop was made, except in the direction of the narcotics agents, the defendant reasonably believed he was in their custody and could not have freely consented to the search. Such detail consciousness on the part of defense attorneys has pulled many a drug defendant out of the fire.

Where there are numerous defendants or a grand conspiracy alleged, a case can re-

**An attorney who
says he can cut you
a wonderful deal if
you turn
informant is to be
avoided like
herpes.**

quire large-scale investigation over a broad geographical area. Sometimes teams of investigators must be hired, and the effort can become quite pricey. The majority of people snagged in this sort of case can absorb the cost, but minnows are sometimes netted with sharks, and poor clients are at a definite disadvantage when an extensive investigation is crucial to an effective defense. Lawyers working for low fees or *pro bono* are reluctant to begin pouring their own money into a case. Ironically, public

defenders sometimes have greater access to investigative resources, through public funds, than do private attorneys.

There are usually several additional jobs to be done before you cop a plea or go to trial. Most of them involve motions, motions to dismiss, motions for discovery (the acquisition of documents from all relevant government agencies) and so on. Most critical, though, are the Fourth Amendment motions, the ones aimed at suppressing evidence (more often than not the dope) because of an illegal search. In the vast majority of drug cases, suppression motions are filed, even though they are rarely granted. (Alvin Michaelson says he once appeared before a federal judge in Fresno "who, in twenty-two years on the bench, had never granted a single motion to suppress.") They are filed not only because of the slight possibility of wiping out the government's case with a single stroke, but because they can serve other, subtler purposes as well: They can compel the government to reveal more of its case before trial, they can create issues that can be used

Courtroom Style

In his Las Vegas office, Dominic Gentile displays a cobra and mongoose literally frozen (freeze-dried by a taxidermist) at the brink of mortal combat. This primordial rivalry is Gentile's personal allegory for the courtroom contest. He identifies with the mongoose. "They are natural enemies, they fight to the death," he says. "The mongoose is not immune to the venom of the cobra, and he only gets one shot. Society looks down its nose at the mongoose—it's a rodent. But people think the cobra is beautiful, they make belts and things out of its skin. It's a frightening thing, but they see it as beautiful. And people think that the government is beautiful, but it's not beautiful when you are the mongoose and it is the cobra, and it is going to kill you."

Defense lawyers love metaphors like that. They point up the inescapable irony that a court of law, architecturally and procedurally designed for the civilized resolution of legal questions, intended to be sterile of baser human impulses, becomes in practice a primitive battleground. Ultimately, two people, proven in intelligence, cunning and craft, must contend for the right to lead 12 souls through a jungle of facts and law to the peaceful community of Justice and Order. The battle for the right to command must be ruthless, for each competitor is convinced he knows the only proper course, and the forest is fraught with perils.

The defense lawyer always enters this arena as the underdog, since the government's win rate remains well above 90 percent. The prosecutor comes armed with the authority, the assumed rectitude

and the awesome investigative resources of the state. The defense attorney, particularly in a drug case, represents someone the citizens of the jury are predisposed to see as a threat to the very fabric of decent society. If the defense counsel is to transform his stigmatized client into a relative innocent in the eyes of the jury, he must first establish himself as the worthiest proponent of justice in the room. To move a jury to accept, care for and literally *come to the defense* of the accused, a lawyer must have command of more than logic and law—he must have the power to touch and alter the hearts and minds of ordinary folks. Different trial attorneys conjure this magic in different ways:

• *Michael Kennedy* tries a great many cases, 10 to 20 year. He is frequently hired by other law firms to step into the lead role as a trial begins. Members of the other firms or his own associates do pretrial tasks: motions, research, etc.; Kennedy occupies the spotlight when the curtain goes up. "Dignity" and "scholarship" are the prime virtues he wants the judge and jury to perceive in him. Tall and patriarchal in bearing, he strives to project the very light of Western civilization through his tortoise-shell glasses. Trial work, he readily acknowledges, is "improvisational theater" and requires theatrical techniques. Humor must be employed at crucial moments to relax a jury, and a dramatic structure should be imposed on the entire trial as well as on its individual scenes. One of the most difficult scenes to construct, Kennedy points out, is the cross-examination of a hostile witness, for such actors are often trying to adhere to a script of their own.

"If one viewed it in terms of geometry,"

Kennedy explains, "what I'm trying to create is a pyramid with all the facts and law forming the base, and the drama of the presentation raising the level of the structure." Ideally, in the end, all of the elements rise and converge to one small space where, at the climax, the capstone of the defense argument is laid.

• *Gerry Goldstein*, like Kennedy, is professional and erudite, but maintains a folksy undertone. He speaks in a rapid-fire Texas twang that is somehow never hurried or imprecise. His appearance is unimposing—he's shortish and round faced—but the apparent confidence of his gaze and step give him an air of a man completely in charge. Goldstein is a master of the unpretentious bon mot and an alert student of jury psychology. He calls his cautious approach to cross-examination "Goldstein's chickenshit method." Its object is to extract from a witness only what is crucial to the defense argument—and not one syllable more. To go further, Goldstein warns, is to invite disastrous testimony against one's client. "Tiptoe through that orchard," he advises his colleagues, "pluck that ripe fruit from the tree and run away."

If this sometimes leaves bits of evidence only partially explained to the jury, so be it; some work must be left for the defense attorney's greatest potential ally, "the guilty-room lawyer." In law-and-order Texas, Goldstein explains, the jury room is aptly called the "guilty room." The guilty-room lawyer is that "intellectual" juror who will take pleasure in outlining the subtler points of the defense to his less-astute fellow panelists.

• But not all courtroom attorneys come off as intellectuals. Boston's *Joe Oteri* prides himself on his "Italian street kid" back-

later in pursuing an appeal; and they can strengthen the hand of the defense in plea bargaining.

The suppression motion is the most potent tool in the dope lawyer's arsenal. Drug defenders trade suppression yarns the way big-game hunters tell of their best kills. Winning with a suppression motion seems to be more fun for them than winning at trial. It's like that swift kick to the groin that ends a fight before the bully has a chance to throw his first punch. If your lawyer doesn't even consider filing a suppression motion on your behalf, perhaps you ought to think about finding another legal representative. He's ignoring what most veteran drug lawyers consider "the key."

If you're lucky and your lawyer wins a crucial motion for you, the balance could shift in your favor. Your case might even be dismissed or the charges dropped. The overwhelming probability, though, is that the motion stage will be completed, the hearings will end and you will plead guilty to something. At any time up to an actual trial date, a plea bargain can be struck, but, in

Be wary of an attorney who is too busy giving you a spiel to listen to your story.

most instances, your attorney will prefer to postpone the bargain for as long as possible, since most of his pretrial work is aimed at weakening the prosecutor's bargaining position. He will chip away at every conceivable weakness in the government's case, hoping to make his opponent less certain of a trial victory and more prone to a favorable deal. Factors other than the strength of the prosecutor's case can also influence the bargaining. The government may soften its position if it becomes obvious that in order

to win a conviction they will have to expose a valued informant. In some cases, there is also a stamina factor. Prosecutors can simply be worn down by the constant flood of motions and procedural delays. The prosecuting attorney may simply be overworked and desperate to clear his calendar. Your lawyer's satisfaction, when it is all over, will be that he has cut the best deal for you that the system would allow.

Another means your lawyer may employ to make sure you won't have to serve heavy time is "rehabilitation." Alan Ellis and Bob Fogelneest (Ellis, the scholar; Fogelneest, the courtroom personality) stress this technique in their Pennsylvania practice based in Philadelphia. According to Ellis, "The day a client walks into our office, we are thinking about the possibility that he's going to have to come up for sentencing. We get him into a treatment program if he has a drug problem. We get him involved in performing community service, and we delay the case. We keep him on the street while we're rehabilitating him, so that at the time of

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ground and his heartfelt identification with a client's plight. His partner, Martin Weinberg, whom Oteri calls "a goddamn genius," does most of the conceptual and scholarly work behind the scenes. Oteri claims a special rapport with juries. "Maybe because I'm not as bright as a lot of the genius lawyers in this business, I don't have any trouble relating to them [juries]," he speculates. Though he can spew righteous indignation with the best, Oteri tries what he calls "a happy case," because "juries are reluctant to convict in a happy atmosphere." So he jokes with the judge and the prosecutor to keep the mood of the trial buoyant, but that too can be a Trojan horse: Oteri brags, "I like to think I could cut your throat with a smile, and you'd never know what happened until you shook your head."

•Allan Ackerman, from Chicago, also tries to keep a jury in its best humor, but unlike Oteri he is soft-spoken and radiates apparently genuine humility. He insists, for instance, on attributing most of his courtroom victories to "luck." His persona is the antithesis of what might be expected from someone who has defended numerous individuals the government likes to call mafiosi. The Lieutenant Columbo of the defense bar, he has broken pencils, stumbled over chairs and spilled his notes, just to establish a common bond of humanity with jurors. But he's no klutz. He does his own scholarship, reading and cataloging more than a thousand pages of recent case law a week. Reared in one of the rougher neighborhoods of the Windy City's Near North Side, he boasts of a gift for "feeling in my guts" a defendant's emotions and motives, and transmitting that empathy to a jury.

•In the courtroom or on the sidewalk, San Francisco's Mike Stepanian wields corporeal presence. An Armenian Kojak with hair, he has fire in his eyes and power in his stride. He takes pride in his skill at instantly "reading" people: jurors, witnesses, clients, etc. Just how fast is he? "The fastest. They say the fastest," Stepanian replies with characteristic modesty. His natural flamboyance is tempered by wit, warmth and charm. It's easy to imagine a band of early humans draped in animal skins gladly following him from water hole to hunting ground, and lining up behind him when the saber-toothed tiger approaches. People do sometimes fear him. A federal prosecutor in California once complained that he had great difficulty holding the attention of a judge or jury with Stepanian in the room. "He just rolls his eyes," the prosecutor moaned, "and they lose track of what I'm saying."

•Stepanian's friend and fellow Bay Area defense lawyer J. Tony Serra is ethically, if not ideologically, a Marxist. He handles many political cases along with his drug practice. He believes his greatest strength with a jury lies in his ability to "manifest controlled outrage." He explains, "I have outrage; I control it through semantic skills." Does he ever have to pretend that indignation? "No, I never fake it. Never! I feel the fuckin' outrage! If I have any niche, that's it. I'm not brilliant, I'm not a great writ writer, I'm not a great strategist."

Serra's presence must be disarming to juries; he simply doesn't look like a lawyer. His clothing could be a déclassé parody of the traditional professional garb, and his waist-length, graying hair suggests that he might be more at home in a tepee than in a court of law. But he wins

cases—perhaps because his manner and appearance disturb the judicial facade and help expose the underlying human issues in a trial. Pressed, Serra admits, "I'm interested in justice, not the law."

So what do all these divergent personalities have in common? Obviously, they all represent highly competitive egos, schooled in court procedures and skilled in interrogation and argument, but, more important, each of them has discovered and cultivated in himself that constellation of characteristics that attracts the faith of others. At his best, he has the cunning of a swindler, the ruthlessness of an assassin, the tactical intelligence of a chess master and the fervent desire of a lover at the threshold. He must be at times, dramatist, comedian, orator and poet; social scientist, psychologist and philosopher.

But all of that is just glitter and paint if the groundwork has not been done. Lawyers who have made names for themselves as courtroom heroes usually depend on people with less public talents to put them in the limelight. Oteri has his Martin Weinberg; Stepanian has an associate, Linda Leavitt; Kennedy has assistants in New York and San Francisco—they research the law, investigate the facts and allow the standard-bearer to enter the courtroom confident and prepared. Lawyers like Ackerman, who do their own research, end up trying only three or four cases a year, because that's all there's time for. Personal charisma in a trial only matters when all other factors are balanced equally. A well-prepared wimp can crush any Clarence Darrow who has not done his homework.—B.L.

IN SEARCH OF THE WAAA

continued from preceding page

sentencing it is as difficult as possible for a judge to stick this guy in jail."

If you persist in claiming innocence and proceed to trial, a whole new world awaits one of enormous complexity that will have to wait for another story and another time.

But there is another dimension to all that has happened so far and all that can happen in a trial. The best lawyers are always thinking on two levels: the present issue and how it will be resolved, and the same issue as it will look later to an appellate court. Many trials, particularly in federal court, are undertaken only to preserve the record and allow for an appeal. Often an attorney can do his client a great service by keeping him on the street until the appeal process is exhausted.

Prosecutors cry foul, but this aspect of the defense is a subtle art. Victor Sherman of Nasatir, Sherman and Hirsch, probably the largest criminal defense firm in L.A., explains: "There are two ways to approach a case. One way is to take the facts as they are

and work within them. The other is where the minute you get the case you try to create facts from a procedural point of view. The good lawyers try to create the situations that will allow for procedural errors. You give the prosecutors every chance to overreach, the judge every chance to commit error. Michael Nasatir adds. Of course, if the courts are perfectly fair and follow all the procedures, you'll have nothing to talk about on appeal, but many, many times you find that they are unfair.

So there it is. You're ready to seek out the best legal advocate possible for your special needs, your guide and protector through the labyrinth known as the criminal justice system. One final warning. Don't expect your attorney to get high with you—that might happen, but don't expect it. And don't imagine that he will accept payment in drugs. Narcs have sought vengeance against effective dope lawyers through the use of informants posing as clients, and attorneys are alert to such chicanery. Pulling out your bundle of Peruvian flake in the sanctum of your lawyer's office can utterly destroy the Waaa.

Busts Abroad

Finding good representation outside the United States can be a nightmare. The International Legal Defense Counsel, based in Pennsylvania, specializes in providing legal help to people arrested or imprisoned

in other countries. They locate competent honest foreign attorneys and monitor their performance, employing the services of seven reputable American lawyers experienced in drug cases. ILDC can be reached by calling (215) 545-2428.



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CONNOISSEUR

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traveler had salvaged one respectable rock from a going-out-of-business sale, and it was a beauty. Not merely in its physical appearance—that translucent, opalescent, deliquescent glow of milky crystalline splendor.

But it was a beauty in the benevolence of its effects. Just a tiny bit, a few snowflake-sized crystals scraped from the surface, was enough to put a congenial group of two couples in a warm, entranced, enchanted, uplifted state of mind for hours.

We weren't wired—we were *aglow*. I remember after one evening being filled with a mounting sense of altruistic benevolence. I didn't want to make a million bucks, become famous for 15 minutes or fuck Linda Ronstadt (okay, maybe a little).

What I remember saying—and I know it sounds foolish now, but it was a pleasant nonmegalomaniacal, good-hearted foolishness—what I remember saying is, "Hey let's solve the problems of the world."

Come to think of it, it does sound a trifle megalomaniacal, but at the time it came from a truly warm sense that the intelligence and innate goodness of human nature could be focused on ending wars, helping the suffering, bringing the blessings of liberty to a world enslaved by hunger and oppression.

It was a rebirth, a blossoming of that naive American optimism that the world did not have to be condemned to an endless round of tragedy and futility, that with the energy of good feeling something could be done to spread the blessedness we all felt to others.

That's how real coke makes you feel. Sure it's a delusion. As you may have noticed, we didn't exactly solve all the problems of the world in the years since then, and the magic rock is now a memory. But somehow I have an occasional and delusive feeling that if that particular Peruvian laboratory were still going, if there were more of those magic rocks where they came from, things might have turned out differently.

So that's how to judge coke. If, after a tiny snort, you want to devote your life to world peace, join Mother Teresa in her mission to the lepers, cure cancer, promote racial understanding, then you've got the real thing. If not, you've probably got just another white powdered coke imposter. Some dumb diet drug for pathetic fat people masquerading as the aristocrat of pleasures. Forget it. It's not worth it. There is no real coke anymore. The only "real thing" is a syrupy cola drink, and even that will give you a more genuine high than the botched and bogus stuff that's sold as cocaine these days.

And don't let anyone talk you into trying freebase on the argument that it's the real thing until you've seen the Richard Pryor *Live on Sunset Strip* movie. If you still want to do it after that, you're on your own. I prefer cremation *after death* myself.

Already the Revolutionary Armed Forces have succeeded in routing all narcotics produced out of South America through Cuba, the Commander in Chief proudly boasted. "But this is merely to make our Revolutionary island indispensable to the marihuana, cocaine and Quaalude producers of the South American mainland," Fidel explained, "and to deceitfully gain their trust. The next thrust in our evolving dialectic of confrontation with the imperialist U.S. warmongers will be to boost production of these narcotics within the Revolutionary homeland itself. Ultimately, Revolutionary narcotics will entirely replace these capitalist narcotics, and our stranglehold on the Caribbean narcotics trade will insure that all profits go to the People, the Party and the Revolutionary Government, and be employed in proletarian solidarity with our brothers and sisters who conduct subversive terrorist activities in every country throughout the hemisphere. Ha-ha!"

[illegible]

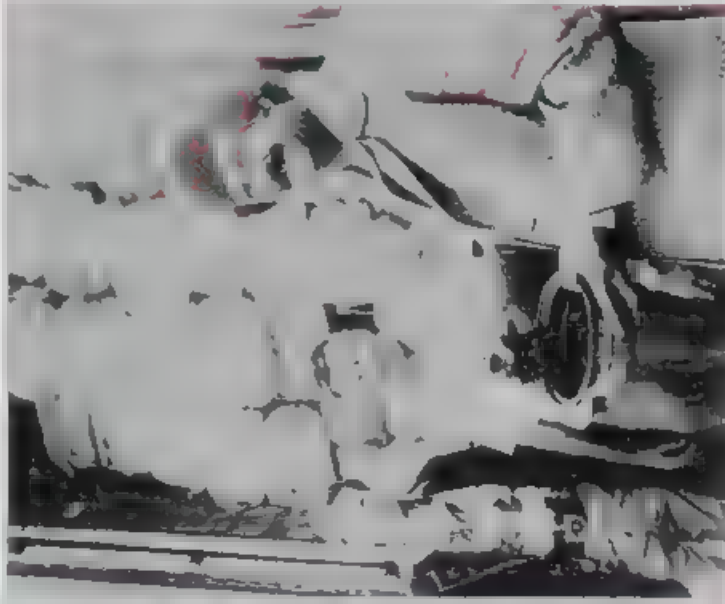
Littered conference table in the Cuban Institute of Friendship with the Peoples bears mute testimony to the many hours spent by the Beloved Fidel and his top aides, developing the new Five-Year Narcotics Scheme.



Enthusiastic as usual, the masses assemble in Revolution Square for the 22nd Annual Party Congress of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Cuba (CCPC). Not for nothing do they call it a Party Ha-ha!

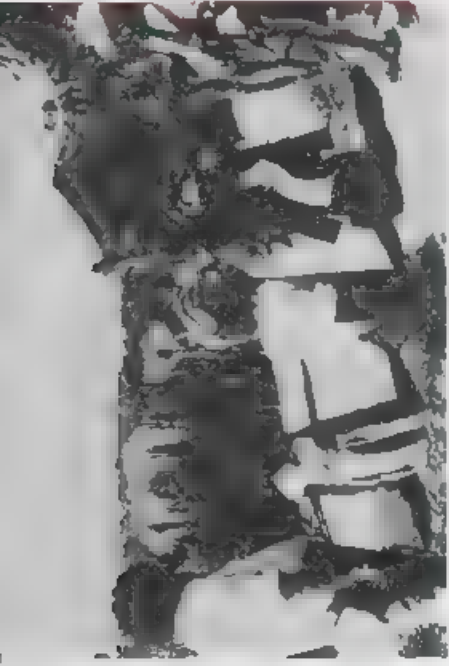
WEAR NARCOTICS WILL ASSUREDLY TRIUMPH!

Proud peasant cultivators from El Yaurel watch while an agricultural inspector from the Ministry of Basic Industry gives their seasonal harvest a four-Red Star seal of approval. Strive daily in every way for the success of the Revolution!



**"Pragmatism Demands
Compromise" — V.I. Lenin**





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PEOPLE'S SCIENCES FIGHTS FOR THE NARCOTICS SCHEME

•TO AFFIRM and consolidate from the USSR and other socialist democracies Comrade Commander in Chief Fidel has explained that while ordinarily the CCPC contemptuously repudiates the meddling of intellectuals in the affairs of the People's body politic, the noble Five-Year Narcotics Scheme requires the expertise of book-trained botanists and university-trained scientists

Comrade Professor Herr Doktor Hans-Dieter Munchkin from Dresden, in the German Democratic Republic, says: "Yah! Ich bin working to develop vun fershiigiger gut way to be freeze-drynk der Kolombian unit Chikan marhuana, unt vonce ve kompress der freeze-dried marhuana into leedle chunks, den ve are vakuum-sealunk her for sanitary transport. See? Yah? Nein? See dis here slab of freeze-dried marhuana? Dis her vas damn near a whole bale before, all stinky unt gross, mit der aspergillus fungus unt der white mites, unt you could smell her a mile downwind. Donnervetter! Now you could be sendink her up in a Soyuz, she is so light unt firm unt clean!" Herr Dr. Munchkin has been awarded a two-room apartment in the Havana Hilton, and a 1957 Buick for his historic technological contribution to the Five-Year Narcotics Scheme.

and chemists and pharmacologists, if the nation is to compete successfully with, and triumph over, the thieves, gangsters and capitalists who now command the Caribbean narcotics traffic. To this end, several hundred technologically advanced scientists from the USSR and Warsaw Pact nations have been airlifted to Cuba. They are to be regarded

as national heroes of labor, and majors of the Revolution, the Beloved Fidel has ordained, just as good and righteous as a cane cuttar or slops sweeper. The people are forbidden to throw stones, burn or otherwise molest these strange-talking individuals, even if some happen to be Jewish by ancestry.

SURPLUS MARIHUANA



Few fruits of the Five-Year Narcotics Scheme. A full shipment of inferior Soviet Maria marhuana, raised by the sweat of the oppressed, exploited peasants in the republic, a testimony of capitalism, is contemptuously dumped into a ravine near Nicotitas, where it was intended for transshipment to the decadent imperialist, warmongering USA. This capitalist marhuana, at last, is supplanted by the Revolutionary produce of the regrettably Acha Lu department.





Czechoslovakian botanist Anton Djhyvikmzri has been entrusted with the heroic mission of replanting all the tobacco fields in Vuelta Abajo with marihuana. For this purpose, he is crossbreeding a hardy, weather-resistant strain of rope hemp from the Ukrainian People's Socialist Republic with a powerful drug cultivar from the totally free and untrammeled Republic of Afghanistan. "Our goal is to diminish the testosterone levels and sperm count of young American men by an average of forty percent by 1987," pledges Professor Djhyvikmzri. "Then we can send in the tanks. Ha-ha!"



Comrade Professor Dr Petros Prinkruk of the People's Socialist Republic of Bulgaria has designed a brilliant new method of synthesizing narcotic cocaine! It basically involves extracting the crystalline essence of the common ephedra shrub and "breeding" it with core samples of cocaine hydrochloride. "The ephedrine crystals spontaneously restructure themselves into crystals of cocaine," explains Dr. Comrade Prinkruk. "With this method, starting from barely two grains of genuine cocaine, I have bred out the whole eighty kilograms you see in this photograph here." Over 80 percent of Dr. Prinkruk's synthetic cocaine consists of inert, nonpsychoactive levo-isomer cocaine, but he is convinced that the decadent youth of the imperialist, warmongering USA will never notice the difference.

HUNGARIAN SOLIDARITY



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The revolution has taken to the seas. In the Caribbean, the Cuban People's Navy has captured a large number of American ships. In the Atlantic, the Soviet Navy has captured a large number of American ships. In the Indian Ocean, the Indian People's Navy has captured a large number of American ships. In the Pacific, the Chinese People's Navy has captured a large number of American ships.



The revolution has taken to the seas. In the Caribbean, the Cuban People's Navy has captured a large number of American ships. In the Atlantic, the Soviet Navy has captured a large number of American ships. In the Indian Ocean, the Indian People's Navy has captured a large number of American ships. In the Pacific, the Chinese People's Navy has captured a large number of American ships.

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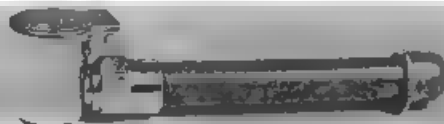
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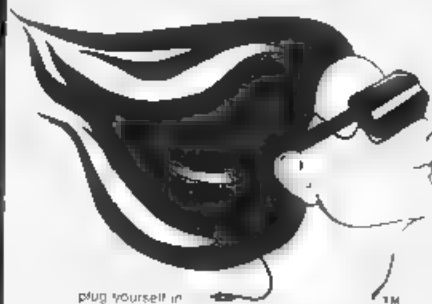
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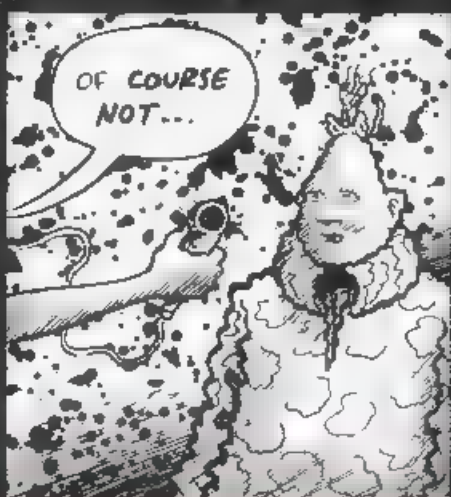
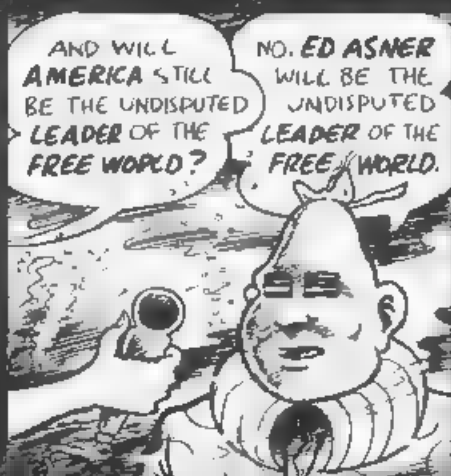
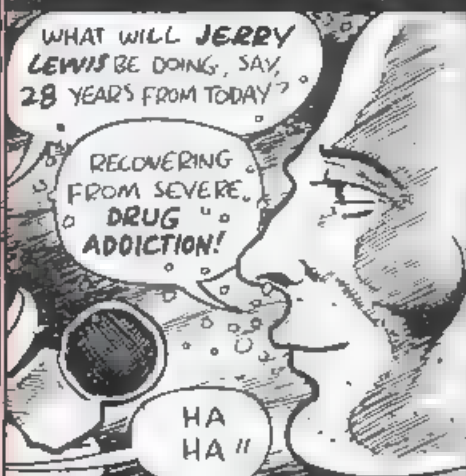
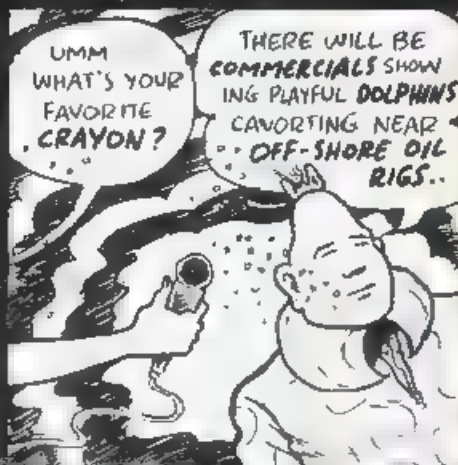
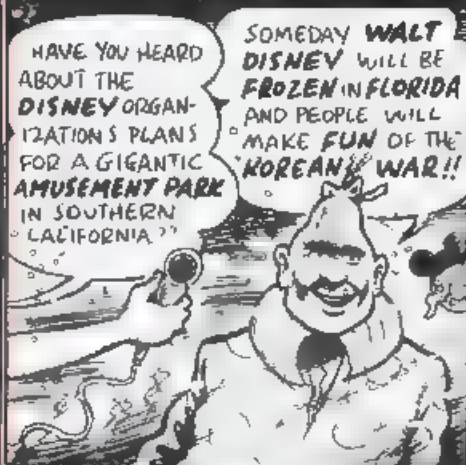
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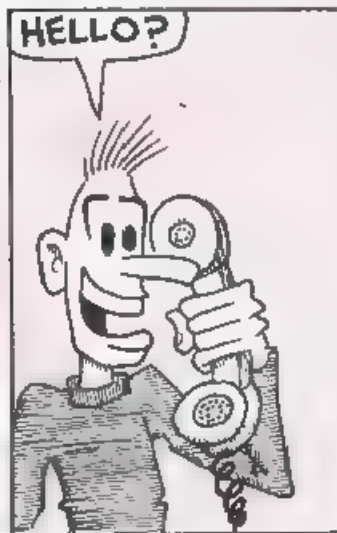
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293 THE ODOR OF BURNING POT . . .
the sweetest smell in the world
outside of morning coffee.

294 THE RISK OF DEVELOPING LUNG
cancer, even among cigarette
smokers, is less among men who eat large
amounts of carrots, spinach and other vege-
tables that contain beta-carotene, according
to a recent issue of *The Lancet*, a British
medical journal.

The new study is the latest in a series in-
dicating that a diet high in beta-carotene, a
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more than 40 percent chance of decreasing
the risk of developing certain types of can-
cers, according to a spokesman for the Na-
tional Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Md.

The latest study, which was done over a
19-year period, found that large amounts of
dietary beta-carotene decreased the risk of
developing lung cancer, but not other can-
cers . . .

New York Times,
Dec. 7, 1981

295 THEN MERRILY AND CHERRILY
Let's drink of our beere,
Let who as will run for it
Wee will stay here.

to tune of "This will restore
my Maidenhead again" or
"The fits come on me now,"
English songs, 16th-17th
centuries

296 THERE IS A PLEASURE SURE
In being mad which none but
madmen know.

John Dryden,
The Spanish Friar, act 2, scene
1, 1681

297 THERE IS NO MORE CRIMINALITY
in a tin of marijuana than there is
in a fifth of whiskey, gin or vodka . . . that is
there may be some.

298 THOSE WHO CANNOT VISIT THE
mind's Antipodes at will (and
they are the majority) must find some artifi-
cial method of transportation.

Aldous Huxley

299 CHICAGO (AP)—TWO POLICE OF-
ficers were found guilty of invol-
untary manslaughter today in the beating

death of a man they had arrested for smok-
ing on a train

New York Times,
Dec. 24, 1981

300 QUESTION 3: WHAT ARE THE IM-
plications of accepting a toot?

Answer: First let me abolish the myth that
sharing coke with someone automatically
implies that you wish to or must sleep with
him/her. That wretched fallacy is a problem
only for those who allow it to be so. Should
you become concerned be firm but jovial.
Polite diplomacy is important whether you
are saying no or yes, giving or receiving.
Should your companion turn into an obnox-
ious villain who won't take no for an an-
swer, tell the bartender what awful thing
he/she is doing to annoy you (don't mention
the coke, for the sake of all concerned) and
the bartender will call the bouncer. Rock
and roll bouncers are very handy at remov-
ing severe sources of irritation, but don't
abuse their services. If you can save the sit-
uation by moving to another section of the
bar or club, do so. If the previously men-
tioned fiend follows you, tell the bartender
so. It is the b's duty to decide which situa-
tions merit heavy duty muscle. Don't leave
the bar alone unless you re sure there's a
cab outside. Don't go home with people
who promise you more coke at another
club or apartment, unless you'd want to be
alone with them without benefit of cocaine.
There are plenty of people who will sell
themselves for drugs. Why should you?

"Cocaine Etiquette" by
Krystie Keller, in *NON LP*
mag, June 1981

301 WHEN A MAN LOSES THE KEY TO
his apartment after getting
drunk on whiskey he breaks down the door
and walks in
When he loses it after smoking marijuana,
he crawls in over the transom.

When he loses it after dropping acid he just
crawls through the keyhole

Folk tale, 1960s

302 WELL HERE I SIT WITH A BROKEN
heart—

I took three bennies and my semi-truck
won't start

song: "Semi-Truck,"
Commander Cody and his
Lost Planet Airmen, 1972

303 WHY DO STRONG ARMS FATIGUE
themselves with frivolous dumb
bells? To dig a vineyard is a worthier task
for men.

Martial, *Epigrams*,
Bk. 14, no. 49

304 WITH A PEACEFUL THOUGH PAS-
sionate eye, I watched a garland
of ideally beautiful women, who diademed
a frieze with their divine nudity I saw the
gleam of their satin shoulders, the sparkle
of their silver breasts—the undulation of
opulent hips without feeling the least
temptation

Theophile Gautier, describing
his visit to Le Club des
Haschischins, *Revue des Deux
Mondes*, Feb. 1, 1846. Also
translated in David Ebin's *The
Drug Experience*, 1961

305 WORK IS THE CURSE OF THE POT
smoking classes,
Malcolm Muggeridge

306 YOU'RE NOT DRUNK IF YOU CAN LIE
on the floor without holding on.
Dean Martin

307 DEATH RATE SOARS
IN COCAINE CASES.
NIDA AGENCY REPORTS
QUADRUPLED FROM '76
TO '81—HOSPITAL TREATMENT
IS UP SIX FOLD
headline, *New York Times*, May
29, 1982

308 PLEASE HEMP ME
button, 1970s

309 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO OD
East Side graffiti, NYC

310 KEEP ME BALLING AND I'LL STAY
high forever.
graffito written as answer
beneath another graffiti: "Keep
me high and I'll ball you
forever"

311 LISTEN TO YOUR LORDSHIP, I'M A
respector of institutions. Even in
Paris, I remained a Canadian. I puffed
hashish, but I didn't inhale
Mordcaai Richler, *St. Urbain's
Horseman*, 1981

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore,
HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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porting angel of his own life, and seeing his own life as sacred and seeing his friends in Lowell Massachusetts as sacred archetype pals. So it's seeing the world as sacred, rather than as cynical or as empty or as legalistic or as heartless or as evil. The Clash demonstrate or manifest that by—in the midst of a cynical period being the big political idealists, in the midst of a commercial period—trying to sell their records cheap and give three times as much for cheaper money. Trying to experiment with poetry, trying to have Salvadoran revolutionaries exhort the public from the stage, so there's a kind of sacred ambition to save the world.

HIGH TIMES: How do you reconcile those noble goals with the dark side of new wave—the heroin, the nihilism?

GINSBERG: See, there's two groups. There are the Frankenstein beatniks that were created by *Time* magazine that had big beards and wore cockroaches in their hair and had scabies and lived with unwashed dirty dishes because they read in *Time* magazine that's what it was supposed to be. Now there are the new-wave people who read in *Time* magazine, that in the 1970s everybody had turned against the hippies and the beats. Everybody's going to go back to American values and the Me Too generation and take heroin and cocaine. Me Me generation I'm all right, Jack, fuck everybody else, make a lot of money, get rich and do war work and take heroin.

And that's sort of like the right-wing, CIA version of what you're supposed to do. What's cool. It's cool to put down the anti-war movement of the '60s, it's cool to put down psychedelics and grass and take heroin and cocaine, which is ridiculous. So their interpretation is sort of the *Time* magazine, right-wing, oversophisticated syndicate conservatives as to what's cool. And what's hip has always been some kind of a death trap. Then there's another group, another kind which is deep wave, deep new wave. The Clash are an example of this. They seem to be acceptable. But punks were supposed to be anti-beatnik and anti-grass.

HIGH TIMES: They were wearing the swastika.

GINSBERG: Yes, but the Clash smoke grass like I've never seen, giant bombers, and they're totally appreciative of poetry they dig Gregory Corso, they've all read Kerouac. I once ran into Iggy Pop. We did some singing together at a party and then we sat down and he said very bitterly, you blew it. You guys blew it. He was representing punk and new wave. Then I ran into him again in San Francisco this year. We had a long talk. Now he's married and he's got a kid and he's sick of rousing anger in the audience and getting adverse reaction and we actually got into a long conversation about meditation. So we actually sat together. And he said, "Remember that conversation we had? I was wrong." 'Cause he had to grow up. □

GROWHOUSES

continued from page 41

needed a toolroom at the time almost as much as he needed a growhouse. He had also been keeping his fully grown Doberman watchdog in a puppy-sized kennel, so roomier quarters for Fido were also included in the plan.

The workingman's growhouse was built solidly, with reinforced overlapped paneling to discourage forcible entry, and sheathed at its corners for additional protection against crowbar assault. Small security type details were taken into account in the earliest stages of its planning—such as the ventilators being situated on the least accessible side of the structure, underneath the eaves, too high and too close to the roof to allow a snooper to sneak a peek.

The structure was designed to make maximum use of its ostensible functions as a toolshed and dog kennel as a supplement to its basic security. The sole entrance to the growhouse, for instance, is a low, heavily barred door in a cluttered corner of the toolroom (through a steel partition, incidentally, extending subterraneously like the exterior walls). The toolroom entrance is securely locked, too, adding an extra layer of security locked not only by the padlock on its outside, but barred inside by a latch. The latchstring is hard to find if you don't know where to look for it. And, because that locked and barred toolroom door

opens directly onto the Doberman's kennel, the grower who designed it counts on trespassers not having a lot of leisure time to scout out that concealed latchstring.

The workingman's growhouse is an instructive example, but not one to be followed slavishly. Subterranean walls, for instance, might be less appropriate in a hollow-tile growhouse, where a concrete floor might be more suitable and the plants grown in portable planters rather than in the ground. Drainage might be a problem in some locations, and a gravel leaching bed is probably a wise investment anyway, given marijuana's notorious distaste for "wet feet." An electric alarm system would seem like a sensible investment too, adding an extra layer of protection to that strawlike roof.

No growhouse can be absolutely foolproof, regardless of how well built, carefully situated and ingeniously disguised it is. Witness, for example, the case of the hapless San Jose, California, man who earlier this year was unlucky enough to have a light plane crash right into his suburban backyard growhouse. Other growhouse growers have been struck by less literal bolts from the blue—fires, floods, overzealous naves and jilted girl friends. But growing marijuana in a growhouse is certainly a lot closer to foolproof than any other method of domestic cultivation, at least for those growers who can control their mouths as well as they control their pH levels. □

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O AMSTERDAM

continued from page 57

come in for a hundred grams, I don't have it, but I can get it. I do about five percent in my circle. I'm kind of big.

Let's call her Betty because she has been around. About 40, she has gray hair, pays for her sex ("Then you get what you want") writes poetry. Betty lives at night and eats a spaghetti bolognese breakfast at 9 p.m. Before coming to Amsterdam she sold encyclopedias in Bangkok, wrote a fashion column for the *Tehran Journal* and was on the dole in England.

She lives in the right ventricle of the red light district in small garret rooms under the eaves of a 17th-century building. At night it's a romantic neighborhood if your idea of romance is Dante's *Inferno*: zafirk almost-nude harpies beckoning to you from neon-lit windows and horny Bulgaro-Bastaffs lurking in alleys. The meeting was set up by mutual friends.

Betty is sitting behind a large desk. People have told me she hires a midget to hide under her desk and suck her when a big deal is being made. I don't believe it. On the desk is a glass block, half an inch thick and about as big as an outstretched hand. With a carpet knife blade she is laying out lines.

I can buy it from the people who bring it in," she says. "Here's a glass of cognac." Remy Martin, of course—while I get us ready for the interview.

Chop. Chop. Chop.

It comes in one-half kilo to four, five or six kilos at a time. It's a difficult drug to understand. I've been using it for a couple of years. It was hard work to get a habit. Now I use a half a gram a day. Personally. Every once in a while I kick with mushrooms. When you're on mushrooms you don't want coke.

Betty picks up a glass tube with a fluted end. Snort. Snort. Hands the glass block across the desk. Snort. Snort.

"There's been a huge bust in small circles," she goes on. "Trading in uncut Bolivian cocaine has been suspended. Those dumb fucks. They sent out an inexperienced girl to change three hundred thousand guilders into dollars. Thousand-guilder notes. At the ninth bank they called the police. That was a Brazil-Lisbon-Amsterdam connection. A small, reliable alternative operation. When there's a drought there's Peruvian. But people know I prefer Bolivian."

The phone rings. Betty picks it up. Her end of the conversation goes something like, "Yes... Yes... No... I can give you a price for a 'comic book'... Or a price for a box of them... Okay... See you then... Bye."

"Where was I?" she says. "Oh, yes. My price is one hundred forty-five guilders, or a little more than fifty dollars a gram, if you're buying an ounce or more. Single-gram deals go up to two hundred guilders a gram from me. I know others charge two

hundred and fifty guilders, and their stuff isn't as good."

"I'm just here for an interview," I say. "No doubt coke is one of God's gifts to mankind. Many think it's the renewed grace of the Holy Spirit. For me it's just a recreational drug."

A bit on guard now Betty replies: "Well, it depends on what you mean by recreational." A large, vicious dog lying in the corner stirs.

"By recreational, I mean something like a sophistic. In the way acid makes the worse appear the better, coke makes the better appear the worse. It makes thoughts so vivid you think you've done the things you thought about doing. And when finally you go out, you believe your résumé, so to speak, is longer than it is. It's fun. No doubt about that! But I don't want to become a nose. And the price is insulting. Isn't the proper study of economics how to be economical? Coke is five times the price of gold. Why don't we snort plutonium? That's even more expensive. That reminds me of the time when."

Betty interrupts with a loud laugh. "Ha, ha, ha." The dog relaxes again. "See what good coke I have. You are rapping away. But you mentioned acid. I sell that, too. Three guilders a trip on one thousand. It's fifteen guilders apiece on the street. Then there's disco acid, forty to sixty mikes, for people too lazy to roll a joint. That's finally started to seep in over here. Just as well. No one wants to give Germans a large trip. Paper is in fashion. Easier to count, move around. Tabs trying to make a comeback. I get people who buy a thousand trips for personal use, and after a year come back for more. There seems to be a tacit agreement in Amsterdam between the media and the police. No publicity. No busts. I also supply opium for a dozen discriminating customers. Tell me, what can I do for you?"

"Look, I've just come for information! Which you are giving me, thanks! But I would like another glass of cognac and a line if you're offering," I say, softening my voice and putting on my most charming smile.

Gurgle. Gurgle. Snort. Snort.

"You know," Betty says, "this is strange for me. You're one of the few people I've talked with in a long time who wasn't an other dealer. Dealers only see dealers. It's a self-contained universe."

"Like the art world?"

"If there's a syndicate, I don't know about it. In my first week here I knew this was a town that if you could get something cheaply on one corner you could sell it on another. A lot of people use Amsterdam as a base of operations. There's a steady, small, local market. And the maximum penalty for getting busted is only four years, with nine months to two years being the norm. In Germany the max is ten years. And they mean. Also, there's no conspiracy laws here. A cozy scene. The Dutch make trade easy."

continued on page 88

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AMSTERDAM

continued from page 86

Twisting around, Betty takes a book from the shelf behind her. "Here this is for you. A book of my poems, self-published." It is called *No Credit*.

REVELATIONS

Why is Amsterdam the New Jerusalem of the international drug culture? Like mysticism, there are many schools of thought.

Beatrix, queen of the Netherlands, told American audiences recently that Holland is more than wooden shoes and windmills. What characterizes her country, she said is tolerance—an ability to find a place for what one disapproves of. This is not untrue, although a macrobiotic I know claims it's a kind of cowl-like forbearance from people who consume too many milk products.

Moreover, because of a proportional voting system, all the governments are weak coalitions. After the last two elections it took over six months to even form a government. But Left or Right, none will do anything that would: 1) reduce trade; 2) cause social unrest that in turn would 3) reduce trade.

Two hundred years ago John Adams wrote this about the Dutch: "Such a nation of worshippers at the shrine of Mammon has never existed, I believe, before. The English are as great idolaters, but they have more gods than one. This country is indeed devoted solely to the pursuits of commercial gain." To this day, when Amsterdamers meet, a standard answer to "How are you?" is "*Handel is altijd goed*"—"Business is always good." And when saying good-bye, they often use the expression "*Goed zaken*"—"Have good dealings." Yet I believe the English mythographer John Michell in most things, and he once told me that trade had its origin in gift giving. In which case, the Dutch are endowed with an enormously generous spirit.

Also for a rich country, what Marcuse called "repressive tolerance" (bribery and license) is, in fact, cheaper than repression.

All this makes Amsterdam cozy. But, the big but:

"Amsterdam," a Viennese friend warned me many years ago, "is schmoos city."

"What do you mean?" I replied defensively.

He smiled: "You know what schmoos is. It's when you sit in a comfortable chair, get a little stoned, listen to music, stay only half conscious. That's what Amsterdam is like. If you're not careful your brains will run out of your ears."

I have been careful. ☐

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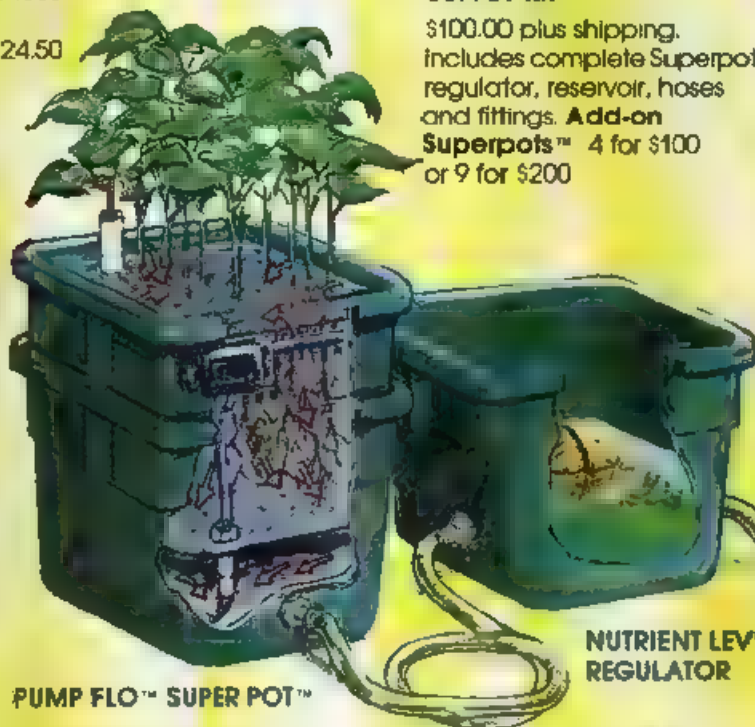
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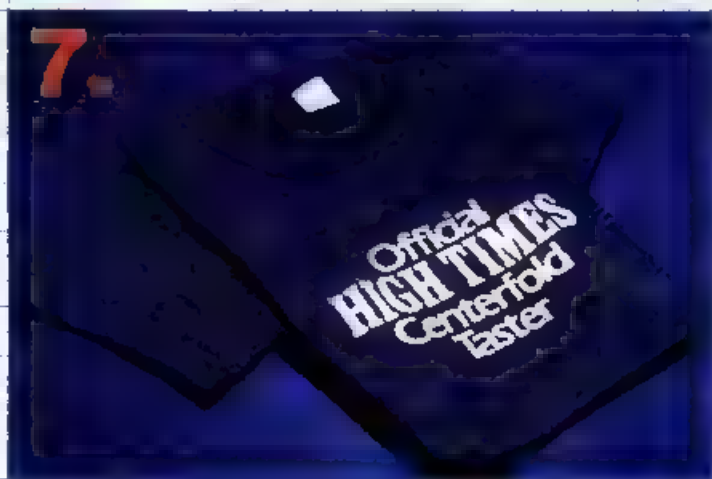
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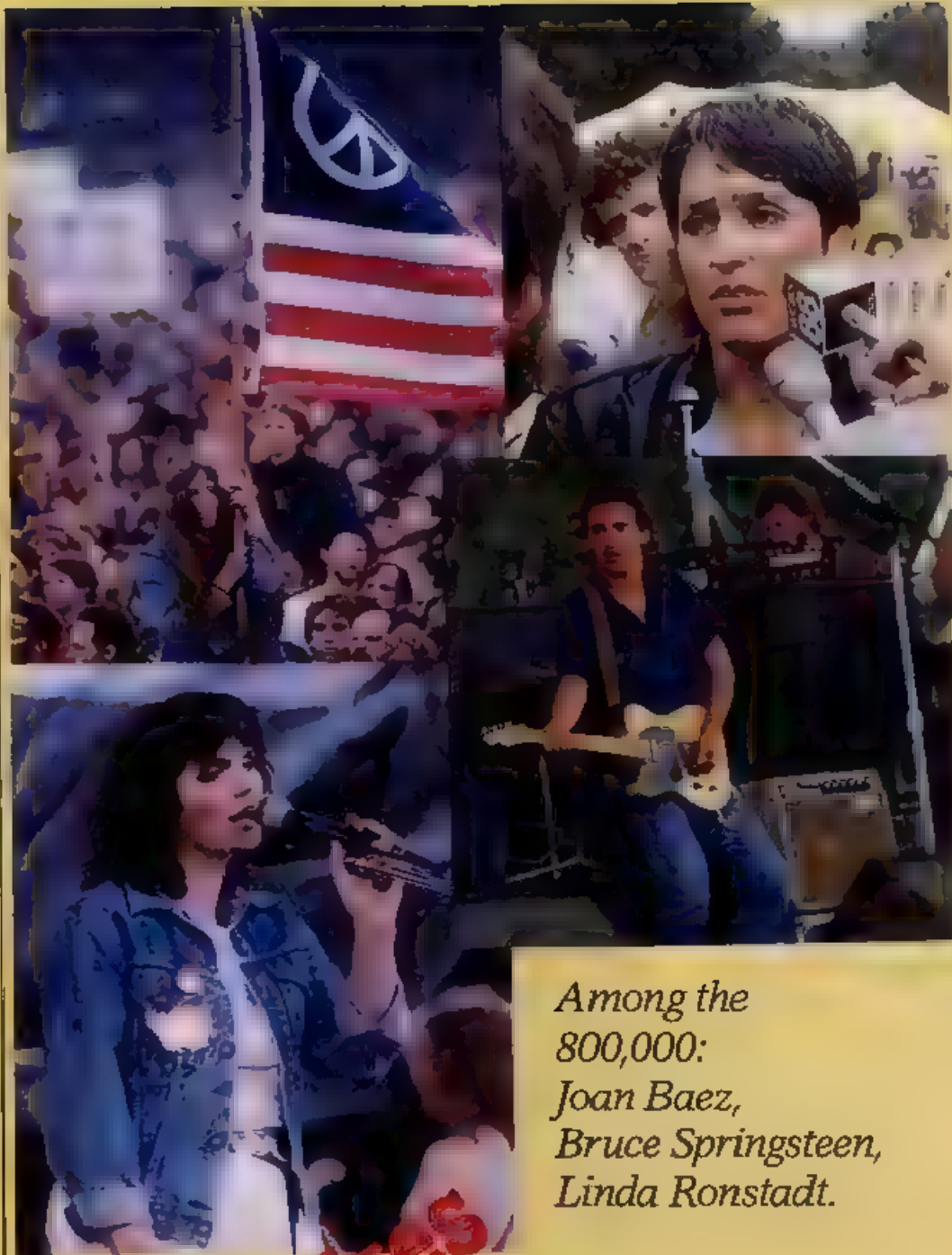
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SAINTS

By
the time
we got to
Central Park,
we were
800,000
strong...

I was standing in the middle of a sand pit at the back of Central Park's Great Lawn on a beautiful late-spring afternoon. Through the dust and haze I could barely make out the players onstage at the other end of the field, but the sound system made them familiar—Bruce Springsteen had joined Jackson Browne for a stirring rendition of the Boss's "Promised Land." Springsteen's acoustic guitar, reedy harmonica and earnest singing brought a chillingly dramatic touch to an afternoon when hope and desperate idealism once again became part of mainstream politics in America.

This massive demonstration in New York City against nuclear proliferation was the single most important counter-cultural event since the 60s. There were about 400,000 people between me and the stage and by all accounts nearly the same amount behind me scattered throughout the park. They came from the United Nations, on the east side of town, marching the two miles to this concert site across 42nd Street and up Fifth and Seventh avenues in an unending ribbon of concerned humanity. The streets of the city were deserted, a ghost town not just bereft of automobiles, but of people, too, as it appeared that everyone who usually ventures out of doors on a weekend had decided to hit the park.

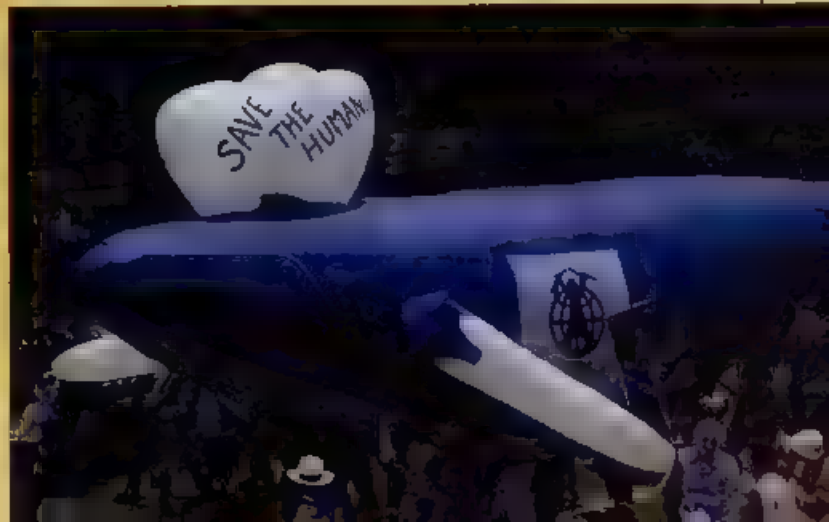


David Sreening

*Among the
800,000:
Joan Baez,
Bruce Springsteen,
Linda Ronstadt.*

The No Nukes Woodstock

by
John
Swenson



No other single issue has motivated so many Americans to take to the streets in protest of government policy since the late '60s. Reagan was elected as a "strong man" (a term usually reserved for leaders of military juntas), known for his trigger-happy rhetoric and disdain for arms control. During the 1980 presidential debate, Reagan ridiculed then-president Carter for saying that nuclear proliferation was the most pressing problem facing the world. The much-publicized swing to the Right has now alarmed so many Americans who feel Reagan would cheerfully send us to a patriotic holocaust, that people who would never have protested the Vietnam War now find themselves shouting antigovernment slogans in the streets.

But this demonstration wasn't merely an American political phenomenon—it was the climax of a global movement to halt the nuclear arms race. The movement had generated huge rallies in London, Berlin and Tokyo, and thus—staged the weekend before the UN began extensive examinations of the world's nuclear arsenal and how to limit it—had brought the issue to a pinnacle of international attention. People came to the march from all over the country and all over the world to show their concern.

Music was an integral part of the day's proceedings, setting a pulse for the marchers, attracting attention with its charismatic force and celebrating the positive steps being taken by the participants. Though it was widely known that such luminaries as Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt and James Taylor would probably play, the music itself was less of a draw than the event, and never really eclipsed the true importance of the day. The egolessness of these musicians seemed in marked contrast to the self-importance of the previous No Nukes gatherings in protest of nuclear power. That time around there was the unsettling sense that the protest was an expression of primarily middle-class complaint, and that the performers were using their drawing power in a more narcissistic fashion. This time there was no

questioning the sincerity of the participants, and no sense that the event provided a platform to revive the sagging careers of washed-up folkies. We can rest assured that we won't be inundated with overstuffed album packages and films of the event for years to come.

The march capped a week of frenzied antinuke activity in the New York area. Two fund-raisers at Nassau Coliseum on Long Island featured performances by Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, James Taylor and Billy Joel. Taylor had co-written a song for the occasion with John and Johanna Hall, "Children's Cry," which had been debuted at an interfaith service at the magnificent Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Protest marchers create their own music, distinct from the stiff-legged rhythms of martial music in its undulating, subtle development of human rhythms turned from the heart beat and from the sense that the marching itself will relentlessly bring about the objective of the protest. That rhythm has been familiar to Americans since the civil-rights marches of the '60s, when the swelling hymn "We Shall Overcome" became part of the nation's collective unconscious memory. The marchers moved into this familiar pattern automatically, promoting a spontaneous solidarity among everyone present. This mass mind is an intoxicating thing to be a part of, and when the purpose of that mind is positive, the spiritual effect on the participants is formidable.

Street musicians added their homemade rhythms to the mix, and spontaneous dance-chants of "No more nukes," set through a multiplicity of cadences, rippled through the parade. Although movement was slow—it took three to five hours for the main body to wend its way to the park's concert site—once the south end of Central Park came into view, the pace accelerated as hot bands at each of the park's main entrances pumped out an exhilarating soundtrack. At 59th Street and Fifth Avenue, a crack eight-piece Latin band blasted salsa at the throng, while an Afro-percussion group of similar dimensions held sway on the west side, urging the marchers

on and chanting "No more bombs" over the instrumental passages from time to time.

Once inside the park, formalities of the march broke down as people scrambled around in various degrees of confusion. The park had been sectioned off by police cordons to allow access for emergency vehicles, making the concert site difficult to reach even for New Yorkers who knew their way around the park. But nobody panicked, and many people found themselves enjoying music and listening to speeches away from the main stage.

At the 72nd Street band shell, for example, the Parents and Friends for Children organization hosted a program of performers fresh from the main event. This group had led the march from the UN, focusing attention on the threat nuclear weaponry poses to future generations. The kids weren't just along for the ride either. One articulate nine-year-old girl at the head of the march said, "I came to see the demonstration because I'm pretty concerned about our environment and if nuclear bombs get disarmed then we're gonna be a lot safer and I'd like to see that happening." Another, younger kid boiled it down further: "We don't want no bombs," he insisted "because a lot of people can die."

The atmosphere at the band shell was low-key and festive. The site has a long history of free concerts dating back to the phenomenal Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane shows in the late '60s, and on this beautiful afternoon kids played and balloons bobbed all around as Holy Near, Pete Seeger and Peter Paul and Mary performed in between speakers.

A mile further north, the main assembly began on schedule at 1 P.M. with James Taylor and John Hall singing their beautiful dedication "Children's Cry." The gentle mood was evidenced by the way the audience sang along in a spirit very reminiscent of the '60s. It was a mixed crowd—there were plenty of couples with kids, packs of tourists, a number of religious groups as well as a good assortment of concert-going kids.

For the next eight hours music and speeches provided the

focus for a crowd that sensed itself making history. As in the '60s, the idea that the whole world was watching was underscored by the periodic clatter of news helicopters over head reporting on the event. Unlike the '60s, when officials abhorred such gatherings and crowd counts were always underestimated, this time politicians and police joined in support of the rally. The official count of 800,000 people made this the largest political gathering in U.S. history.

One official on the scene compared this concert favorably with past free events like the recent Elton John and Simon and Garfunkel shows. "Drug intoxication or even alcohol intoxication is a severe problem that we face all the time," said Gus Pappas of the New York City Emergency Medical Services. "But it seems that the crowds here are reflecting a more somber attitude. They're really watching what's going on on the stage. It's a totally different attitude than you see at various other concerts. They were out to have a good time, which meant enjoying yourself, partaking in some intoxicating beverages and wine. Then there was a good time; over here it's a concerned time. So the attitudes are totally different. I'm very surprised and very pleased with what we've seen so far today."

Even though the audience was far from rowdy, the official description of its difference from other concerts was overstated. There were plenty of partiers on hand, and the atmosphere even during such serious moments as Orson Welles's highly dramatic speech, or the appearance of Coretta Scott King, wife of the assassinated Rev. Martin Luther King, was definitely one of celebration.

When Jackson Browne and his band took the stage in mid-afternoon, the crowd's mood could hardly have been described as somber. Browne was in top form as he opened with "For Everyman" then brought Gary U.S. Bonds onstage for a duet version of "The Pretender." After Joan Baez stepped in to head a sing-along of John Lennon's "Imagine," the day's most exciting moment arrived when Bruce Springsteen came

grinning onto the stage for his fantastic performance of "Promised Land." The section ended with Springsteen guest-starring on a powerful rendition of Browne's "Running on Empty" with Bruce adding chunky power chords and a blistering guitar solo.

Linda Ronstadt, whose live shows are usually uneven at best, followed with an excellent set kicked off by a spirited cover of the Stones' "Tumbling Dice," which featured a good slide-guitar solo. The brevity of the program worked to Ronstadt's advantage—there were no lulls or slow spots in her terse, five-song slot, and as a result she really threw herself into the material, giving delicate readings of the Eagles' "Desperado" and Roy Orbison's "Blue Bayou" and tearing the cover off the Martha and the Vandellas chestnut, "Heat Wave."

James Taylor then took the stage to ply his soothing brand of mellifluous crooning. His peaceful, easygoing set never reached a boiling point, but was well received, especially his readings of "You've Got a Friend" and "Up on the Roof."

The final fireworks of the day came from the amazing Rita Marley, a strong woman who has stepped out of her husband Bob Marley's shadow since his tragic death to become one of reggae's leading lights. The park undulated to the crisp dub of her crack backing band as Rita summoned the spirit for a stirring miniconcert that climaxed with her fantastic sinsemilla anthem "One Draw."

Just as at Woodstock, Watkins Glen and other mass gatherings of music lovers in the past, when the main stage shut down the music didn't stop, but lasted well into the night in pockets of revelers all over the park who turned the usually unsafe environs into a merry campground. After years of being denied this kind of assembly by hostile authorities, the giddy feeling that this was only the beginning stayed in the air until well after the main rally had ended. The rock-festival concept may have died, but the people who made it what it was may well have found another medium to revive it.



Still Life

The Rolling Stones
Rolling Stones Records COC 39113.

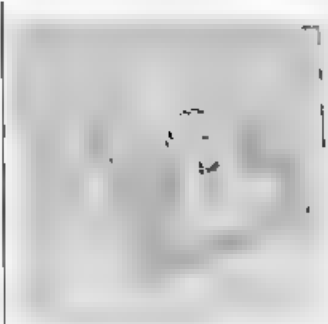
This document of last year's massive U.S. tour shows the Stones still firing on all cylinders in what must be considered their last days. The record compares favorably with their past live efforts and, like the shows it was taken from, offers a kind of retrospective of their career. Opening back-to-back with the late '60s chestnuts "Under My Thumb" and "Let's Spend the Night Together" would certainly expose any flaws, but the band whips away with a vengeance, led by Charlie Watts's rock steady drumming. The recent favorite "Shattered" provides a bridge to stylistic oldies which presumably had their impact on the early Stones' "Twenty Flight Rock" and "Going to a Go Go." Before wrapping things up with the calling card "Satisfaction," the Stones remind you that recent work can stand up to the classics by ripping through "Let Me Go," "Imagination" and "Start Me Up." The shows themselves were surprisingly great and the record proves it wasn't just nostalgia talking.



Sheffield Steel

Joe Cocker
Island IL97501

Cocker has been a cliché subject to open ridicule ever since the *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* overkill, but the rap hasn't been entirely fair, although his voice has lost much of its range since the days of his excellent first two LPs. Since then, what Cocker has lacked most is great backing bands and appropriate material to interpret. On *Sheffield Steel* he's gotten at least half that formula back in working order. In a brilliant move, reggae rhythm kings Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass) were brought in to keynote this session, and their expert accompaniment gives Cocker the best context he's worked in for a decade. And with material like Leo Nocentelli's "Look What You've Done," Dylan's "Seven Days," Randy Newman's "Marie" and Jimmy Cliff's "Many Rivers to Cross" on the set, there's plenty to work with. Those who once liked Cocker and have given up on him will be pleasantly surprised by this record, and he may very well find a new audience in the process.



Isles of Langerhan

The Late Bronze Age
Landslide LD-10061

This is the latest concoction from the fertile mind of Atlanta's maddest musical mind Hampton B. Coles. In the late '60s this demented genius paralleled developments being made by Zappa and Beefheart as the leader of the legendary Hampton Grease Band. Acclaim did not translate to enough popularity to keep the band going, however, and Coles spotted himself in a variety of musical contexts as well as doing a stint as a comedian. Coles masterminded his return to national attention with the first Late Bronze Age LP, *Outside Looking Out*, which is worth getting your hands on. The response to that disc was favorable enough to prompt Coles to put together a full band for subsequent Late Bronze Age forays. Multinstrumentalist Ben "Pops" Thornton was joined by the crack rhythm section of bassist Lincoln Metcalf and ex-Hampton Grease Band drummer Bubba Phreon. As a result *Isles of Langerhan* despite its characteristic eccentricities has a hard-driving and accessible rock sound. You could easily imagine the title track, "Time Is Free" or the revival-meeting rave-up "Walking with Zambis (Try Hoodah)" lined up next to the latest Fleetwood Mac hit.

Disturbing New Scientific Evidence

Cannabis in Costa Rica
William E. Carter, ed.
(Institute for the Study of Human Issues,
P.O. Box 2367, Philadelphia, PA 19103).

Many of us were frankly surprised that we were unable to uncover any real consequences of prolonged use of the drug. Indeed, some of the physicians and psychologists on our team were sincerely disappointed at the lack of significant differences between our controlled population of users and non-users. Their first reaction was that they would have nothing to say, and thus they found frustrating after the enormous amount of effort and time they had invested.

But they had the integrity to publish it anyway, 200 pages of text and 50 pages of graphs showing no effects of extremely extended, extremely high-dose marijuana smoking in Costa Rican men from childhood to their late 20s. No effect on testosterone levels. No effect on sleeping patterns. No effect on metabolism, on the heart, on the IQ, on memory or retention, and a statistically insignificant deficit in the incidence of lung ailments of any sort, which is purely supernatural.

"Why does chronic inhalation of marihuana [*sic*] smoke not exert synergistic effects on the damage to lung airways caused by tobacco smoke?" they inquire, almost querulously, and emphasize: "Users in our matched-pair sample smoked marihuana *in addition* to as many tobacco cigarettes as did their matched nonus-

ing pairs. Yet their small airways were, if anything, a bit healthier than their matches. We must tentatively conclude either that marihuana has no harmful effect on such passages, or that it actually offers some slight protection against harmful effects of tobacco smoke."

You see the dilemma these 20 experienced, proficient, highly accredited researchers were in. After two years of residence among the slums of San José, assembling the life histories and intimate medical profiles of 220 vibrantly *real* young men there, they had nothing to show for it except that marijuana had not harmed any of the 86 *picadura* smokers among them in any way shape or form.

And what smokers these guys are! Grass is cheap down there, by our standards, and of uniform connoisseur quality. 5 percent THC across the board. They roll it in tiny three-quarter-sized joints, by our standards, but they smoke about *ten* of them every single day of the week, at least a couple of grams per day from the age of about 14 steadily through full maturity.

And they have their special problems with it, too. The San José narc squad, like narc squads everywhere, rounds up and jails every possible young man they can on "marihuana" violations, every time the narc budget comes under review, so users *do* spend sta-

listically more time in jail than nonusers, on petty-possession and dealing charges. And they get *la muerte blanca*, "the white death," that occasional flash of feverless marijuana paralysis, when you can't remember exactly who you are but that you are going to die momentarily.

and like us, they giggle it off after it wears away. Their non-using peers, painstakingly matched by these scientists for age and income and body weight, get formal "anxiety" flashes and giggle it off behind alcohol. We're all *here*, ain't we?
— continued

Cannabis *in* Costa Rica

A Study of Chronic Marihuana Use

WILLIAM E. CARTER, Editor



This is all on painstakingly minute record now in this very disturbing new book. By contrast, the National Academy of Sciences spent nearly all 1981, and a pile of Reagan administration money, to review and assess scientific literature pertaining to marijuana toxicity. And when they came up with exactly the same conclusion—no particular toxicity to it at all—they sat on it for five months. The original report according to Dr. Robert DuPont, the first lady's senior adviser on drugs, would have been "perceived as favorable to marijuana decriminalization"; so it was comprehensively rewritten between last November and March. The ultimate report from the academy is nothing more than a mealy-mouthed recitation of pseudoscientific reefer mad-

ness medical myths, each with a mealy-mouthed caveat that no such terrible thing has been proven about marijuana *just yet*.

These are the purely parochial political problems these sober international scientists had to anticipate when they sent this thing off to the printers. If they'd only been able to find *one* untoward consequence of marijuana use, it could have been blazoned all over the wire services and made them famous. Is that too much to ask? Hell, no! Lab reports in the United States provide pretty persuasive looking indications that THC *must* interfere with the body's immunological systems, by a fairly simple, mechanical, direct action. So when they went to Costa Rica, these scientists who are definitely *not* in the

"pro-dope" political category—confidently expected to find a significantly higher incidence of trichinosis and tapeworm among those confirmed, chronic high-dose Central American weed fiends. It *clearly* does this thing in a test tube, so it surely *ought* to do it in your stomach.

But nope, these tropical-dope smokers had no more tropical parasites than their closely matched nondoping peers. Forget it, man. This stuff does *nothing* to people, one way or the other. And anybody who publishes such disturbing new scientific evidence in the USA right now is inviting *beaucoup* political trouble.

Still, they published it. Unlike the NAS's armchair report reviewers, these people had gone down to Costa Rica, the other side of the moon

from here, and lived among these extravagantly *human* beings for two years of their lives. And that's why this book is recommended to a general audience, and to hell with its political implications for marijuana decriminalization in the United States. Most of it's case histories. They take these individual people, in their own beautifully translated Spanish words, from the first glimmerings of self-awareness, through childhood sexual awakening, jobs, marriages, success and desolation, until what happened to them last *week* as they sit speaking to the interviewers. The ones who do dope and the ones who don't are right there with you while you read this, up here on the yonder side of the moon. That's better than science—that's art.

Cannabis in Costa Rica is the fourth broad-scale, long-term investigation of heavy, "chronic" marijuana smokers since 1974. None of the other three—from Jamaica, Greece and Egypt—turned up any direct unhealthy consequences of cannabis, even in Egyptians who imbibe perhaps 200 milligrams of THC out of hashish every day of their lives.

All this means zip, according to certain marijuana experts, who will point out that all the dope-smoking subjects in these studies were selected for observation *because* they were healthy. If cannabis makes people sick, maybe most of its users really die young, or go through life with disabling chronic illnesses and thus wouldn't qualify for inclusion in these studies as healthy observation subjects. So it'd *have* to show up "harmless," y see.

This objection actually makes great sense, if you fail to think about it just a little bit. If cannabis killed most users quickly and made most of the rest dreadfully ill, then people would no more smoke it for kicks than jimsonweed flowers or hydrangea—which will both get you high all right, but will also make you *terribly* sick, if you don't die right away. If marijuana killed people or

made them dreadfully ill it would rank in the morbidity and mortality reports of these four countries right up there with cholera and tuberculosis, but it doesn't, because it *doesn't* kill people or make them dreadfully ill.

The Flaws In The Study

The other expert objection to these epidemiological studies is even sleazier. These people aren't *American*, it's protested, so there's no projecting from observations of them to what cannabis may or may not do to *us*. Maybe they don't deep-lunge the first couple hits like we do (although they assuredly do so). Maybe they smoke a different variety of cannabis (which they do—much *stronger*). Maybe their frequency and duration of use is different (which it is—they start much younger, smoke much more and keep smoking much longer). Or, damn it all, maybe they're just plain

not *white* like us (those swarthy Greeks) who have all these Caucasian brains to be damaged by drugs.

These expert objections, which are not very good or even honorable, are routinely raised against these stud-

ies by the very same experts who will guarantee that grass chronically lowers testosterone in humans, reduces sperm count, damages brain cells, murders unborn babies, causes lung cancer and "amotivational syndrome"—although *none* of the scientific data supporting these claims would hold up under the slightest critical scrutiny by genuine, unbiased investigators. But give these experts a 200-page inquiry, supported by 50 pages of graphs, which

fails to come up with any indications of cannabis toxicity after two years of heavy fieldwork, and suddenly you hear them using the word *methodology* as though it were a consideration they ordinarily found pertinent in their wholly political assessments of marijuana research.

But the methodology of *Cannabis in Costa Rica* is absolutely airtight. It is fairly complicated for a layman to understand, which helps these New Right antidope cranks feed distortions of it to their pithecanthropine New Right parents groups. But now when you hear these experts *raising* these sleazy quibbles, you'll know where they're coming from and what they're worth.

It's peculiar. The New Right cranks who run the "creationism" censorship lobby regularly have their *heads* handed to them, by real scientists and by the courts, for pseudoscientific frauds and bigotries *exactly* like this. But nobody breathes a word when these parents groups (even Nazis have children) get wiretapping, censorship and headshop laws on the books by blatantly lying about pot toxicity—and about the methodology of painstaking, back-breaking work like this.

Dope's like smut in that way. Civil liberties types won't ever dirty their hands with it, until those ugly superstitions are already on the law books. And then it's too late.

—D.A.L.

"Hey, Joe, let's repeat the jellybean colors."

By Eleanore Kennedy
Photographs: Dudley Grey

Environmental sculptor Tom Strand and photographer Dudley Grey are transforming buildings, bridges, and other objects with spotlights and multicolored gels. Blasting structures with color is a new art that's executed without altering the physical dimensions of the cityscape. When the sun goes down, ornamentation and buildings blend into the nighttime void. But then Strand and Grey bathe them with 50,000 watts of light, creating a new relationship between energy and artifice.

Strand, a New York City [conceptual] artist, does the lighting, then Grey photographs the event. The photographs are documentary evidence of a single, continuous artistic statement—a collective vision of a collective vision.

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Illuminations

Brooklyn Bridge

White House detail

"Corporations spend sixty million dollars on a building, only to lose it in darkness. I am interested in glorifying the city's architecture."
—Dudley Grey



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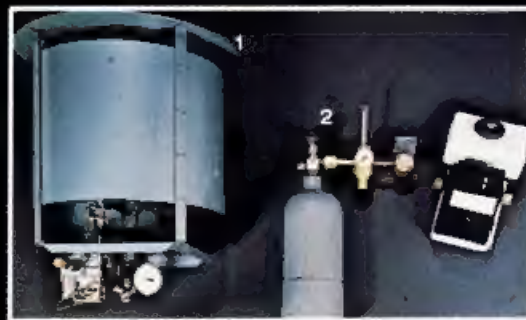
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